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EUROPE.

AS the year draws to a close, and as there is a pause in the actual operations of war, it is natural to ask what is the situation of Europe generally, and how it differs from what it was when the year began. That war should have broken out in April, and that things should be as they are now, has falsified many predictions. At this period of a campaign in which she has sacrificed nearly a hundred thousand lives, Russia has not got beyond the Balkans, has not touched the Turkish Quadrilateral, and is only threatening Erzeroum. Turkey, although she has lost Kars, has kept her enemy at bay; and yet she is virtually beaten, and is beginning to realize that, if left alone, she must soon succumb. All Europe looks on quietly, and the war is thoroughly localized. These things have been all contrary to general expectation, and the only predictions that have been confirmed by the event are that Russia would be plunged in increasing financial embarrassment; that Turkey would exhaust its resources; and that the sufferings which war would cause to the Christian subjects of Turkey would be greater than any they had to endure before the war began. To Russia it is no doubt a great disappointment that a second campaign should be necessary for the conquest of Turkey. The war is severely felt by those who stay at home as well as by those who are fighting in the frightful cold of a Bulgarian or Armenian winter. Of serious disaffection to the Government, or of reluctance to go on to the end if an honourable peace cannot sooner be obtained, there are no signs. But Russia feels the war terribly in the stagnation of business, the collapse of credit, and the reduction of large sections of the population to a state bordering on starvation. Russians would endure all this, and much more, if they had to repel an invasion like that of the first NAPOLEON; but they would be delighted if they could honourably terminate a war of sentiment which was undertaken on behalf of people who have turned out on nearer inspection not to be nearly so interesting as was expected. As the Czar said he would protect the Turkish Christians, the Russians will expect some arrangement to be effected by which these Turkish Christians shall for the future be made more sure of good government than they have been; and some increase of territory on the side of Armenia is thought by Russians to be a just recompense for their military exertions. But they have not found the war so much to their liking as to have any desire to prolong it for any vague purposes of ambition or aggression. The small allies of Russia, Roumania and Servia, have been taught that the alliance which binds them to Russia is a military, not a political one, and they would probably acknowledge that, if they got their independence, which already existed except in name, and such glory as the war may have brought them, they would have obtained all they were ever led to look for. If after a second campaign Turkey should be broken up, and its territory in Europe divided, Roumania and Servia would certainly ask, and might probably obtain, a share of the spoil. But, if the Roumanians and the Servians were asked whether they would wish the war to continue in order that they might have some crumbs falling from the table of the partitioning Powers, they would certainly at present reply that they did not consider the game worth the candle. Those interesting barbarians, the Montenegrins, have had the good fortune to be able to try what they can do when the main forces of the enemy have been compulsorily

withdrawn in another direction, and they have no doubt had some successes. But they barely escaped total ruin while SULEIMAN was free to act against them; and their objects in the war are so limited that it could not be difficult to pacify them. They want a few valleys to add to the precarious livelihood of mountaineers, and they want some kind of access to the Adriatic. The scanty territory they desire is useless to Turkey, and the kind of access to the Adriatic which Austria would permit them to have is not calculated to alarm the Porte. Neither on the side of Russia itself nor on that of its allies can there be said to be any serious obstacle to peace, if peace could be made now, and if the wider prospects which would open with the conclusion of a second and successful campaign were excluded from their vision.

What are the real dispositions of Turkey, of the SULTAN, of those who have his ear, and of those whom he would have to consult, or with whom he would have to reckon in case he decided for peace, is unknown. Probably neither the SULTAN nor any leading Turk has any clear knowledge at a moment when, fear having begun and hope not having ceased, opinions fluctuate from hour to hour. That the prolongation of the war can do Turkey no possible good, and may do it infinite harm, is as clear to every Turk of common sense as it is to foreigners. But the same thing might have been said as to France long before Paris gave in, and the last hope of the French armies was lost on the Swiss border. France fought on simply because she was fighting, and with all hopes of an ally coming to her assistance as absolutely lost as they are lost to Turkey now. The Turks may do the same; they may prefer going on fighting blindly to owning that they are beaten. Still, so far as rumour and gossip afford any sure indication, there are signs that thoughts of peace are not very far from the breast of Turkey. It is said that the Turks regret that the offers they made were taken seriously, and that it should not have been understood that their way of opening real negotiations is to make illusory proposals. That they should have seen in the early meeting of the English Parliament a ground of hope that they may be soon rescued by an English alliance may be taken as a proof that they feel themselves sinking, and are beginning to catch at straws. The very threats which it is rumoured the Turks are beginning to utter indicate sinking resolution. They talk of doing something tremendous if they are driven to desperation. They will massacre all the Christians in their midst, and retire to Asia after having laid Constantinople in ashes and ruins. We may be sure they will do nothing of the sort. An hour's revenge would not recompense them for being made the pariahs of the world; and the governing classes are not likely to throw away the chance which they have now of living in comfort in Constantinople, and administering the revenues of what will be in any case a considerable Empire. Threats are also uttered that, as a punishment to England, Turkey will make a separate peace with Russia. There is not the slightest objection to their doing so if they please. They are at war with Russia, not with us; and, if belligerents can come to terms without mediation, this is a very natural end of war. We shall only be interested in the terms of a peace so made if the Turks, to spite us, or for any other reason, yield more to Russia than Russia can fairly ask and can hope to enjoy. Both belligerents know that they have to take into consideration the views and requirements of Europe generally. It is difficult to see how Russia and

Turkey could make a peace of a different character, whether it was negotiated through third parties or made first and then acquiesced in by Europe.

The general attitude of Europe towards the belligerents is uniform. There is no perceptible division of opinion, if we attend only to the utterances and acts of responsible statesmen. All refuse to help Turkey; all say that so far as their interests are concerned they must be consulted on the terms of peace. Probably in the exchange of diplomatic communications English opinion has not always prevailed, but the general tenor of all the published communications of the neutral Powers is the same. Count ANDRASSY and Lord DERBY speak with one voice, and Count ANDRASSY might have been sitting in the English Foreign Office when he recently declared, as the last word of Austria, that she could never be indifferent to the condition of the Turkish Christians, and that she had to think how the terms of peace would affect her, but that otherwise she had nothing to do with the war. There is a war party in Austria, as there perhaps is in England, and a more zealous one, for the Hungarians have a memory of Russian interference such as we have never experienced; but the policy of nations is expressed and determined, not by irresponsible parties, but by responsible statesmen. The policy of Austria is the policy of Count ANDRASSY, as the policy of England is the policy of Lord DERBY, and the two policies have been formally stated to be identical. Some persons fear and some hope, both in Austria and in England, that their representatives may depart from the policy they have declared to be theirs; but the silent majority feels a confidence in their adherence to a policy which in each case the country has ratified. As in England everything is discussed day by day, and every event is magnified in order to be interesting, there is a constant tendency to suppose that everything is shifting, and to think that something surprising may any day be revealed. A traveller on the Metropolitan Railway who at each station buys a different organ of opinion gets at the end of his half hour's journey into such a state of confusion that he cannot imagine but what Lord DERBY, like himself, has half-a-dozen minds at once. As to a foreign and distant country like Austria he reads and knows so little that, when he finds Count ANDRASSY sketching the policy he means to adopt, it seems a matter of course that a policy so deliberately traced shall be deliberately pursued. It never occurs to the simple Englishman that Count ANDRASSY, having one day declared that he will remain rigidly neutral, will the next day march troops into Bosnia to aid the Turks. If he read the Hungarian and not the English papers, he would probably greedily credit this, but would think it ridiculous to suppose that Lord DERBY, having pledged himself to neutrality, will suddenly concur in sending a division of the army to Gallipoli. Europe generally will believe neither the one nor the other, and will not hesitate to accept the assurance of statesmen that they really are neutral; that Turkey must choose for herself between peace and a prolongation of the war; and that, now or hereafter, peace when made must, like all treaties of peace, be in harmony with the real results of the war—subject, however, to the limitation that the conqueror, if Russia is victorious, must so treat the conquered as to avoid consequences which would be, in a palpable and indisputable way, detrimental to the distinct vital interests of neutral Powers.

THE WAR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severity of the weather, the Russian armies both in Europe and Asia have continued some part of their operations. With the aid of their Servian auxiliaries they have completed the investment of Widdin; and a Russian force is already interposed between Erzeroum and Trebizond. Combats have occurred only between the Turks and the Servians; and both sides, as might be expected, claim advantages, perhaps on different occasions. There is reason to fear that the great pressure on the resources of the Turks will prevent them from inflicting deserved retribution on their faithless assailants. The whole scheme of the campaign has been changed in consequence of the late reverses. The impossibility of preventing the passage of the Balkans is recognized; and SULEIMAN, who still seems to be the most trusted general of the Porte, has left the Danu-

bian fortresses to defend themselves, and with the bulk of his army is transferred to Roumelia, where he will prepare for the defence of Adrianople. Ordinary observers had anticipated the remark of several military critics that a strictly defensive campaign against a superior enemy is necessarily doomed to failure. The invader has now nothing to fear, except the further expenditure of life and money; and he can take his own time in prosecuting operations which may be delayed at his pleasure until success is certain. Widdin, Rustchuk, and Silistria must fall, if the war is not previously ended by the submission of the Porte; and there will be a limit to the defence of Adrianople. In the meantime the sufferings and losses of the Russian army will be severe, and financial difficulties will increase with every week during which the war continues; but such an Empire as Russia will not exhaust its resources in one or in two campaigns, and there is reason to conjecture that the popular feeling accords with the ambitious designs of the Government.

In the present state of affairs diplomatic action, or abstinence from action, is necessarily founded on the conviction that the defeat of Turkey is inevitable. It is at the same time proper to remember that the triumph of the conqueror will not be attained except at the cost of heavy sacrifices in addition to those which have already been incurred. In negotiation between States, especially in time of war, appeals to right or justice are merely decorative appendages to the arguments which alone tend to produce an impression. A belligerent may listen to terms of peace, not because he admits that he is engaged in a wrongful enterprise, but on a comparison of the advantages to be obtained with the cost at which they must be purchased. If there were now an opening for mediation, neutral Powers could only offer facilities for some arrangement which might satisfy the exigencies of the Russian Government. Even if diplomatic intervention may hereafter become possible, the time has not arrived. The protest lately published by the Porte has not been regarded by any Power as a commencement of practicable negotiation. It may even be doubted whether the Turkish Government intended to do more than to test the feeling of the different Governments. It must have been evident to the SULTAN'S Ministers that a vague expression of readiness to accept the proposals of last year's Conference could not be admitted as a serious overture after the disasters of the campaign. M. JULES FAYEE could instruct a defeated combatant on the inutility of recurring after an unsuccessful campaign to the state of things which preceded the war. It is said that the German Government accompanied its refusal to interfere with a recommendation that the Porte, when it was seriously disposed for peace, should apply directly to Russia. According to a doubtful version of the story, Prince BISMARCK added the singular statement that an offer of mediation by a neutral Government would be regarded by Russia as an affront. If any such suggestion was made, a new proof is given of the unintelligibly close alliance which unites two, if not three, Imperial Governments.

No confidence can be placed in the numerous reports of conditions of peace which are supposed to have been propounded by Russia. It is not known that there has been any occasion on which such a project could have been formally communicated to any other Power, although the intentions of the Russian Government may perhaps be known at Berlin. In proportion to the plausibility of any statement of the kind is the probability that it is only conjectural. According to a French paper, which is not known to have access to authentic sources of intelligence, the Porte will be required to grant provincial independence to Bulgaria, with or without the reservation of some kind of nominal sovereignty; to recognize the complete independence of Montenegro, Servia, and Roumania; and to open the Dardanelles to Russian ships of war. An undefined part of Armenia is also to be annexed to the Russian dominions; and it is expressly mentioned that the port of Batoum is to be included in the ceded territory. It is well known that the conquest of the whole or a part of Armenia, and especially the acquisition of Batoum, were among the serious objects of the war which was undertaken for the liberation of the Christian population of European Turkey. It is highly improbable that conquests which have been achieved with so much difficulty will be wholly abandoned; but the statement of Russian intentions seems to depend on internal evidence rather than on official authority. There is no

doubt that the Porte will be required to withdraw its administration from Bulgaria, and perhaps from Bosnia; and the demand will ultimately prevail; but at present the cession of Bulgaria would involve the surrender of the great fortresses, which have not yet been attacked. Long experience has shown that every portion of territory which is taken from Turkey becomes in a future war a new point of attack. Only a few years have passed since the Porte was compelled by diplomatic pressure to surrender in time of peace Belgrade and the other Servian fortresses which under former treaties were occupied by Turkish garrisons. The Servians, who have since the evacuation of the fortresses had no pretext of quarrel with Turkey, are now for the second time engaged in war against their former sovereign. Recognition of the complete independence of Roumania and Montenegro would be only a nominal sacrifice. The present war has shown that the little States which are from time to time detached from the Turkish Empire become dependencies of Russia; but Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro have now done their worst, and the surrender of a titular sovereignty cannot make them more dangerous and more inveterate enemies in the future than in the past. Bulgaria will become another Servia; and the prospect of the danger excused the Turkish Government for its refusal to admit a foreign occupation of the province. It would undoubtedly have been better for Turkey to submit to the curtailment of its dominions without the additional loss of its armies and of Asiatic provinces; but the same reasoning would apply to any country which resists the exactions of an overbearing neighbour.

The exclusion of foreign ships of war from the Dardanelles is not a consequence of Turkish dominion, but a stipulation of European treaties. The privilege of passage is therefore not within the legal power of Turkey to concede; and it only remains for other Governments to consider whether it is for their interest to insist on the exercise of an undoubted right. It cannot be supposed that the Russian Government will seriously claim an exclusive right of passage, with the result of converting the Black Sea into a Russian lake. The English Government may reasonably hesitate to enforce a right which every other European Power is probably willing to surrender. For Russia treaties have no binding force, although the rupture within fourteen years of the Treaty of Paris was accompanied by a formal admission that treaties were nevertheless binding. The country will wait, not without anxiety, for the approaching Session to learn whether the Government has made, or proposes to make, any demand on Russia in anticipation of the future termination of the war. It may at least be hoped that no condition of English neutrality will be stated except with a firm determination to enforce it at all hazards. The Emperor ALEXANDER pledged himself before the war to make no conquests in Europe; and he will probably keep the letter of his promise. As to Asia, his hands are untied; and he will undoubtedly profit by the fortune of war. It will hardly become material to inquire how far promises made in contemplation of war are released by the occurrence of the contingency for which they provided. The Government will encounter a heavy responsibility if it forgets for a moment that there is no middle course between peace and war, and that for war the country is not prepared.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE SUFFRAGE CONTROVERSY.

WHEN Mr. LOWE began the discussion on the extension of household suffrage to counties he probably foresaw the inundation of more or less plausible commonplaces which has been let loose in reply. The current number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains no less than three articles in recommendation of household or universal suffrage. Mr. GEORGE POTTER, laying aside for the occasion his advocacy of Trade-Unions, assumes with some dexterity the character of a disinterested artisan who desires to extend to rural labourers the franchise which his own class has already attained. In the same liberal spirit the Russians have not grudged to the Roumanians or the Servians a participation in their benevolent enterprise. The followers of Mr. ARCH will reinforce the friends of Mr. POTTER, and both together will try for the first time in the history of the world the experiment of sovereignty exclusively exercised by the class which lives on weekly wages. Mr. POTTER and other popular leaders who have,

like himself, emerged from the ranks of the working-men, will find it comparatively easy to manipulate a homogeneous mass. Mr. POTTER justly ridicules Mr. LOWE's splenetic and inconsistent apprehension of what he and Mr. GLADSTONE call a plutocracy and a gerontocracy. Universal suffrage will not incline to the choice of elderly capitalists, except on the condition that they shall follow the behests of their constituents. Incidentally it may be remarked as strange that two eminent classical and historical scholars should express the same contempt for a claim to authority which has been recognized by almost all ancient and modern nations. The gerontocracy gave their name to many governing or legislative bodies, distinguished as Elders, Senates, Signiories, Presbyteries, and by other titles indicating respect for age. Plutocracy differs but little from aristocracy, which, as its very name implies, was at some times and in some places not regarded as odious or contemptible. Mr. GLADSTONE and those who share his opinions may be fully acquitted on the paradoxical charge of favouring the pretensions of wealth, or of the qualities with which it is ordinarily associated. One of Mr. GLADSTONE's strange assertions is to the effect that the ancient Greeks "considered that every freeman should have a share in the determination of the laws by which he was to be governed"; yet Mr. GLADSTONE has heard of Lacedæmon and of other oligarchical States in Greece, and he knows that in Athens there was always a strong aristocratic party, and that all freemen except citizens were excluded from political power. The Athenian democracy excluded the rabble.

The most useful result of the controversy has been the clearer definition of the true issue which is disguised under the ostensible agitation for the extension of the household franchise to counties. In his latest essay, as on former occasions, Mr. GLADSTONE fairly substitutes adult males for rural householders. He is the advocate, as Mr. LOWE is the opponent, not of a modification of the Act of 1867, but of universal suffrage, which necessarily implies the establishment of equal electoral districts. His repetition of his former declarations is perhaps his most eloquent literary composition, especially when he supports his reasons by threats; but he scarcely attempts to deal with Mr. LOWE's arguments; and he will certainly convince only those who are already on his side. Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it worth while to vindicate by two or three homely illustrations the prudence of incurring risks which he deems remote and improbable. "A wife may betray; therefore no one should marry. A friend may deceive; let us renounce all friends. A coachman may break my neck; I never will drive out. A cook may poison me; I will live on blackberries and acorns." The wife, the friend, the coachman, and the cook, are all in an allegorical sense the Parliament; and to make the analogy appropriate Mr. LOWE must be supposed to contend that there should be no wife, no friend, no coachman, no cook, and therefore no Parliament. His actual warning was against a wife who would by design or in ignorance forfeit her faith against a friend who would almost certainly become an enemy, against a coachman who would upset the State carriage, against a cook who would poison the Constitution. All the required functions are, in Mr. LOWE's judgment, better discharged at present than they are likely to be under the proposed change; and the question is not whether the national life should be suspended, but whether it should be unnecessarily endangered. Mr. GLADSTONE's list of measures which were popular before they were adopted by Parliament is, if properly considered, a strong argument in favour of government by a minority. The multitude, endued with legal sovereignty, is necessarily despotic as well as supreme. A limited Government is controlled by the latent preponderance of physical force. It cannot refuse to listen to demands which, if they are just, tend ultimately to become irresistible. The advocates of change are, under a just constitution, not the judges of its expediency, but they can always compel a hearing. In every one of the instances cited by Mr. GLADSTONE, a Parliament elected by restricted suffrage passed into law the measures which he supposes to have proved the superior wisdom and virtue of the mass of the people. Mr. LOWE and Mr. GOSCHEN apprehend, on not improbable grounds, the introduction under a democratic constitution of the protective system which is maintained by universal suffrage in the United States and in Victoria. If the Trade-Unions and the Labourers' Unions insist on a monopoly of the articles which they produce, no materials for opposition to a perverse policy will remain.

The zealous conductor of the *Nineteenth Century* appears to have submitted to Mr. GLADSTONE the third article which he publishes on the same side of the suffrage controversy. As might be expected, Mr. GLADSTONE willingly bears testimony to the merits, and especially to the moderation, of Mr. ARCH. The well-known agitator "states" in vigorous language the grievance of the rural labourer. "He feels it keenly, and he puts it strongly. He is not likely then to understate, upon this arena of free speech, the wants and wishes of his clients. And what are the portentous demands which he makes? More air, more water, more dwellings, weatherproof and accommodated to the purposes of decency and virtue." To those who know rural districts, the suggestion that the labourers especially understand and value sanitary improvement will appear a surprising paradox, or rather an audacious fiction. It is true that Mr. ARCH on the arena of free speech which is furnished by the *Nineteenth Century*, although his tone and language are pugnacious and threatening, confines himself for the most part to the supposed tendency of an enlarged franchise to promote sanitary improvement; but there are other arenas of free speech, unencumbered by editors who might perhaps object to rash and premature disclosures. Before the three apologies for universal suffrage were published, Mr. ARCH found a congenial arena of free speech at a Club called the National Reform Union or by some similar name. On that arena, instead of mildly suggesting improvements in drainage and water supply, the accredited representative of the Labourers' Union specified three results to be attained by the extension of the franchise which are not ostensibly anticipated by Mr. GLADSTONE, or Mr. POTTER, or by Mr. ARCH himself when he is addressing educated politicians. The emancipated labourers are to bring the soil to the highest pitch of cultivation, evidently not because they are voters, but because they will have voted to themselves the possession of the land. Mr. ARCH also announces that his harmless clients will put an end to priestcraft and kingcraft, by which he means that they will abolish, not only the Church, but the Crown. Mr. GLADSTONE is supposed to be wavering on the question of maintaining the Establishment; but he has not yet made up his mind to the institution of a Republic in England. Mr. ARCH has apparently not discovered, like Mr. GLADSTONE, that a dominant majority will be restrained by a whimsical passion for inequality. Respect for power enures to the benefit of the powerful; but it loses or changes its object when power is shifted. Books were dedicated in terms of fulsome eulogy to munificent patrons, until it became more profitable to deal with publishers than to conciliate noblemen. Correspondents of "your admirable journal" are at least as sycophantic as the former denizens of Grub Street, and, like their predecessors, they pay their tribute of flattery to those who have most to give in return. The love of inequality, as far as it is identical with deference to power, will long survive in the treatment of the multitude by demagogues who stoop to conquer. The faith in the people which is always professed by American orators is the same with which the sausage-seller in ARISTOPHANES cajoled the sovereign DEMUS. The omnipotence of numbers will be rendered more certain and more oppressive by the probable extension of the Birmingham innovation of Club government. Other boroughs are imitating the organization, which is itself a copy of the worst of American institutions. If the experiment succeeds, three-fourths of the most respectable and intelligent members of every community will be excluded from all municipal and local offices, which might otherwise have supplied a partial compensation for the approaching transfer of political power to the working classes. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. ARCH labour consistently in their respective vocations. To those who remember Mr. GLADSTONE's career, and who acknowledge his great public services, it is painful to observe the lightness of heart with which he is ready to throw into the crucible all the institutions and political traditions of the country.

REPUBLICAN PROSPECTS IN FRANCE.

NOW that the excitement of the French crisis has passed away, it is possible to review with some approach to precision the prospects of the victorious party. Putting out of consideration the motives which

led Marshal MACMAHON to unsay in act all that he had previously said in word, the points that present themselves are the completeness and genuineness of the MARSHAL's submission, the possibility of that submission being hereafter retracted, and the chance that the Republican party may give him cause to think that it can be retracted successfully. As regards the first point, there seems no reason to suspect the MARSHAL of any intention to play fast and loose with the Republicans. If his acceptance of M. DUFAURE had been merely a feint, he would have taken pains to make this plain to the reactionary party in the hope of retaining their support for use at some future time. In that case the reactionary party would have used some moderation in expressing their displeasure at what has taken place. They would have lamented the MARSHAL's fall, but they would not have insulted him because of it. They would have remembered the effect that personal abuse is likely to have upon a man who has a keen sense of his own dignity, and feels in his heart that he has not been acting in a way to maintain that dignity; and they would have been careful not to imply by any unguarded expression that there was no place for repentance left open to him. Everybody knows how far the language of the Right has conformed to this canon. There is not one of the Republican journals which, when the crisis was at its worst, would not have supplied the MARSHAL with pleasanter reading than he can have found in the Legitimist and Bonapartist newspapers during the last fortnight. The MARSHAL is not a politician, who reckons that the abuse he receives is all in the day's work; he is a soldier, to whom the thought of having to sit silent under charges which the facts do not allow him to refute, while his position prevents him from resenting them, must be exceedingly annoying. The fact that language of this sort has been so freely used in the journals of what is now the Opposition is at once evidence that those who inspire them have no hope of winning back the MARSHAL, and is of all courses the best calculated to alienate him altogether. Nor is there any appearance of half-heartedness in the MARSHAL's submission. At first, indeed, there was something suspicious in the choice of M. DUFAURE, but the wording of the Message and the rigorous measure dealt out to the prefects of the 16th of May seem to have shown that there is no cause for mistrust upon this ground. If the MARSHAL had clung to anybody, it would have been to the prefects whose only sin is that they have obeyed the instructions of their superiors too blindly. When once this bitter pill has been swallowed, there seems to be no reason why the dose should not be repeated as often as circumstances demand.

Still the MARSHAL's submission may be both genuine and complete, and yet it may be reduced to nothing by some subsequent action on his part. Supposing, for example, that M. DUFAURE fails after a time to command an effectual majority in the Chamber, that he is beaten by a combination between the Extreme Left and the Right, and that, rather than make himself a party to some extremely Radical proposition, he places his resignation in the MARSHAL's hands, to which party will his successor belong? Will the MARSHAL go a step further in the direction of Radicalism and send for M. GRÉVY, or even for M. GAMBETTA, or will he forgive and forget all that has passed and again throw himself into the arms of the Duke of BROGLIE? The main reason in favour of events taking this latter course—supposing always that M. DUFAURE should be led from some cause to resign—is the clerical character of the enterprise of the 16th of May. Legitimists or Bonapartists may despair of getting anything out of the MARSHAL, but the Church never despairs. There may come a time in a Legitimist or Bonapartist agitation when those who have the conduct of it see that the gain to their own special cause of an alliance with the MARSHAL is too infinitesimal to be worth the risks and sacrifices which such an alliance involves; but there is nothing answering to this in an ecclesiastical agitation. To the Church nothing is infinitesimal. Whether the object to be gained is the predominance of the Ultramontane party in the next Conclave, or the addition of a few francs to the salary of the curés, the pursuit will be equally hot. It is on this side, if on any, that the scattered elements of the reactionary army will reunite; and, should they have an opportunity of reuniting, it is possible that the MARSHAL would not hold out against their attack. The strictly ecclesiastical journals have been more moderate in their condemnation of the MARSHAL than the Bonapartist and

Legitimist newspapers; and, as the clergy are seldom behind the laity in vituperative power, the reason probably is that in this case they think that they have more to hope from avoiding an open quarrel with the MARSHAL. It is probable that common report has not done the MARSHAL an injustice in assigning to clerical influence a large share in the determination of his policy down to the 13th of December; and it is a characteristic of this influence that it cannot be got rid of. M. DUBAURE may insist on the MARSHAL taking his Ministers, and even his household, from the majority; but he cannot insist on the family director being chosen on the same convenient principle. It would be travelling out of a Minister's province to speak on such a subject at all, and even if he were to venture on such a breach of propriety and to stipulate that the services of such or such a priest should be no longer invoked, he would know all the time that the new confessor would pursue the same line of policy, and be in all respects a double of the ejected one.

These possibilities depend, however, for their accomplishment on the imprudence of the Republican party. If this necessary condition is wanting, it will be difficult even for clerical ingenuity to find an occasion for fresh intervention between the MARSHAL and the Chamber. The last few months must have been a period of extraordinary anxiety to the MARSHAL, and nothing short of a renewed conviction that the majority in the Chamber had put itself wrong with the country would tempt him to court a similar experience. Still, if M. DUBAURE should have the same reason to complain of the present Chamber that he undoubtedly had of the former Chamber, the MARSHAL might accept the fact as sufficient to bring the country round to his side, and might once more try the experiment of a general election. The peace of the Republic still demands the exercise of real forbearance on the part of the extreme section of the Republican party. If they cannot refrain from putting the Minister in a minority upon all manner of unimportant questions, because they do not think the complexion of his Cabinet sufficiently Radical, they will possibly be able to reduce France once more to a state of political paralysis. There would be the less excuse for such conduct on their part in that the bone of contention which was the cause of the similar blunder of last year now no longer exists. The prefects of the 16th of May have all disappeared; and there is consequently no room for contending that the Republic is being administered by men who are secretly plotting against it. The only accusation to which the new Ministry is likely to lay itself open is that of lukewarmness; and this lukewarmness will be shown, not in matters that affect the establishment of the Republic, but simply in matters that affect its administration. Some things which the majority might like to see done will be left undone. There will be no amnesty to the Communists, and no interference with the salaries of the clergy. But this caution on the part of the Cabinet will be appreciated in the country, if it is disliked in the Chamber. The popularity of the Republic depends in a great measure on the growing conviction that, equally with other Governments, it may be trusted to leave well alone. If the Left can be brought to reflect that, by continuing to justify its title to this character, M. DUBAURE'S Cabinet will win fresh converts to the Republic in the constituencies, at the same time that it avoids the risk of any fresh conflict with the MARSHAL, even advanced Radicals may be inclined to tolerate the new Administration. If this toleration extends to giving it support when support is necessary, M. DUBAURE may not be anxious to see it replaced by any warmer feeling. It is not well for a French Republican Minister to stand too high in the esteem of the more ardent members of the Republican party.

AMERICAN SHIPPING.

THE passage in the PRESIDENT'S Message which referred to the shipping of the United States appears to have been abridged from the Report of the SECRETARY of the TREASURY. The grievance or misfortune to which the Executive Government calls the attention of Congress is explained in the comparative statement of the number of American and foreign vessels engaged in foreign trade and entered or cleared at the ports of the United States during the year. It must be remembered that the coasting trade, including the transit from Atlantic to Pacific ports, is still

a close monopoly. Mr. SHERMAN'S statistics would be more instructive if he had compared the tonnage of home and foreign ships rather than the number of voyages; but, as he speaks generally of the preponderance of foreign over domestic tonnage, it may be assumed that the excess of which he complains is approximately represented by 18,000 foreign entries against 10,000 entries of American ships. It is not easy to appreciate the hardship inflicted on American industry or to understand the remedies which are suggested. The SECRETARY of the TREASURY says that "the increase of the means and appliances for transportation is a tax upon the industries that produce the commodities to be conveyed." It might be more accurately said that a decrease of such means and appliances would be a burden on trade; but perhaps the meaning is that an increase in cost of transportation operates as a tax on industry. If foreigners can undersell native shipowners in the carrying trade, their intervention diminishes instead of increasing the cost of conveyance. American shipowners, indeed, may complain of the competition to which they are exposed; but Mr. SHERMAN only mentions the agricultural and manufacturing industries, which are evidently interested in increased cheapness of navigation. There is reason to suppose that the business of shipbuilding is gradually reviving; and its prosperity would be legitimately promoted by a reduction of Customs duties on imported materials. If Mr. SHERMAN wishes to propose a reform of the tariff in this respect, he has not expressed his meaning clearly.

A complacent exposition of the mineral, agricultural, and manufacturing resources of the United States leads to the inference that "we possess a rapidly growing internal commerce which only needs the fostering care of the Government to secure to it an ultimate development which cannot be surpassed by that of any other nation." It might rather have been thought that American industry could take care of itself; but Mr. SHERMAN probably thinks that the fostering care of the Government consists in a strictly protective tariff. He proceeds to remark that, as production expands beyond the domestic power of consumption, "the excess must find a foreign market, or the loss falls on the producer." Happily for the interests of commerce the export trade of every country lies outside the range of its protective legislation. It may be true that "all commercial nations use efforts to secure foreign markets for their exports"; but Governments can only contribute to this object by diplomatic remonstrances against obstructive tariffs; and of late years such efforts have not been eminently successful. The true mode of cultivating an export trade is to produce good and cheap commodities for sale abroad; and one element of price is the cost of freight. Most of the trade of England, and a part of the trade of foreign countries, is carried in English vessels solely because English shipowners contrive to undersell their rivals. If Mr. SHERMAN were to render the American navigation laws more stringent, he would undoubtedly discourage the export trade which he desires to foster. In former times English Governments extended their colonial possessions for the purpose of providing additional markets for exports. The Russians of the present day pursue the same policy in Central Asia; but the experiment has long since been abandoned by England; yet English shipowners "snatch the trade of a considerable portion of the American continent from our hands." It seems hardly reasonable that, because geographers have given a common name to North and South America, Europeans should be excluded from the trade of countries which owe no allegiance to the Government of the United States. Fanciful objections have sometimes been raised to the description of Europe as a continent, whereas it is divided by no physical boundary from Asia. If the mythical bull had never carried EUROPA across the narrow sea into Crete, the commercial relations of England with India and China would have not been prospectively affected.

The SECRETARY of the TREASURY laments, not only over English competition in Brazil, but over the state of the carrying trade in other parts of the world. The exports from China to Great Britain are threefold those of China to the United States, and the difference in imports is still greater. Almost the entire trade of Australia, amounting to nearly 100,000,000*l.* a year, is carried on with England and her dependencies. Japan is equally perverse and exclusive; and the SECRETARY of the TREASURY fails to explain the successful rivalry of England by any cause except superior astuteness of legislation. On the whole he

is in the right, though not for the reasons which he rather hints than assigns. English legislation with reference to trade, including the carrying trade, is wise because it is non-existent. No prohibitive duties are imposed on ships or on the materials of ships; and the energy and skill of English shipbuilders and shipowners, combined with the blunders of foreign legislation, do the rest. No Bills which Congress can pass will enable the Americans to "take the position among commercial nations to which they are justly entitled," and at the same time "to secure to our own people the right to transport the products of their industry into whatsoever part of the world they may be demanded, so that the profits may be returned to increase the aggregate of our national wealth." It is not known that American traders are denied the right of transporting the products of their industry to any part of the world; but perhaps the SECRETARY of STATE refers not to producers of corn or manufactured goods, but to the shipowners whose profits would perhaps increase the aggregate of national wealth by a fraction of the amount which would be lost to producers and exporters. Unfavourable criticisms of official American fallacies can at least not be attributed to English jealousy or selfishness. Any impediments which are placed by erroneous legislation on American industries diminish the risk of competition to which English trade is exposed. The present discussion relates only to neutral markets, in which the most restricted trade necessarily contends with rivals at a disadvantage.

The most definite recommendations which are made by the SECRETARY of the TREASURY might rather have been expected from his colleague the SECRETARY of the NAVY. Mr. SHERMAN asserts that the American navy in its present condition, as compared with that of any other Power, has less aggressive force than at any time within the last thirty years, except during the Civil War. It has also "less power to inflict serious injury on the commerce of the enemy." At some former times such a complaint might have been interpreted as a threat of hostility to England; but Mr. SHERMAN has certainly no intention of putting down English commercial competition by the employment of armed cruisers. The strength of the American navy depends wholly on the discretion of the Government and Congress. Nothing would be easier than to double the number of men-of-war; but Congress, with, as it is proper to assume, the concurrence of the people, chooses during peace to keep the navy as well as the army within narrow limits. A larger outlay might possibly be expedient in the public interest; but it could have no tendency to displace foreign merchant ships engaged in the carrying trade. The SECRETARY of STATE who is charged with the conduct of foreign affairs might, like the SECRETARY of the NAVY, complain of an odd incursion into his special province by the SECRETARY of the TREASURY. It seems that a large portion of the funds appropriated to the navy has been spent on monitors or ironclad coasting-ships. Mr. SHERMAN admits that, "under the particular conditions and our uncertain relations with another Power, rebuilding them was not unwise," and within and adjacent to the Gulf of Mexico they could be effectively employed in connexion with other vessels, and for purposes it is not now pertinent to discuss. It certainly seems not pertinent to discuss or to mention, in a document intended to supply Congress with financial information, the contingency of a war with Spain, to which the PRESIDENT makes no reference in the part of his Message which is concerned with foreign affairs. Monitors which might possibly bombard the ports of Cuba have the remotest possible connexion with the freights which, to Mr. SHERMAN's regret, foreign vessels earn in carrying American exports. A war with Spain, though the eventual result would not be doubtful, would, as long as it lasted, increase any advantages which are already enjoyed by foreigners who would enjoy the immunity of neutrals.

FRANCE AS A MILITARY POWER.

THAT ever since the catastrophe of 1870 France has been doing her best to create for herself a new army—new in character, new in numbers, new in organization—is well known. She has been thoroughly willing to be taught by her enemy, and has set to work to have an army as like the German army as possible—one in which all the able-bodied men of the country shall be liable to serve,

which shall have a total on paper of more than two millions, and shall be organized from beginning to end in every minute detail, so as to be ready for prompt and effectual service. An elaborate and most careful statement of what France has done and is doing in this direction has been compiled by Major EAST for the Intelligence Department of the Horse Guards, and the principal results of Major EAST's statements have been summarized by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The first two elementary questions to be asked as to any army are how large is it and how much does it cost? and Major EAST's statements supplies an answer to the first question which is as full as could be wished. Every Frenchman is now bound to serve in the army for the twenty years of his life between twenty and forty. He is to serve for five years in the active army, for four years in its reserve, for five years in the territorial army, and for six in its reserve. The number of Frenchmen who reach the age of twenty in each year is, on an average, 292,000. From this number considerable deductions are to be made for physical disabilities, family reasons, engagement in religious or educational services, and for the small contingent required by the navy. When these deductions are made, it is found that an annual average of 133,000 remains of men who are available for the army. The number is, however, greater than is wanted if France is not to be ruined by her army; accordingly, only 83,000 serve with the colours, and the remaining 50,000 are only trained from six to twelve months, but are at any time liable to be called on to serve in the active army during the first ten years of their military life. This would give a nominal total of five times 83,000 in the active army, together with the 50,000 men who in any year that is taken would be going through their training; but in practice the soldiers of the active army only serve for four years, as they get six months' leave at the beginning and at the end of their term. There are, however, to be added the permanent cadres, the one-year volunteers, and the re-engaged soldiers, and the total active army is in one way or another brought to as nearly as possible 450,000 men. This is the strength of the men actually with the colours; but in one sense it may be said that all the men on six months' leave, or who have gone through a short period of training, but who have not served for five years, belong to the active army; and if this is the mode in which the active army is reckoned, the total is brought to over 700,000 men. It is only by looking forward that we can say what will be the force of the other divisions of the army. The number must obviously increase year by year until twenty years have elapsed from the time when the new system was put in force. In 1891 it is calculated that the nominal strength of the whole French army will be very little short of two and a half millions of men. At present France has an active army of 450,000 men, for which she pays as serving in time of peace, and of a quarter of a million of men who could be got together at once if war were declared. The territorial army and the territorial reserve are at present little more than dreams of the future. On the other hand it must be remembered that the amount given for the active army only includes those who have begun to serve since the new system came into operation, and that there is a very large number of trained soldiers in France belonging to the antecedent period who could be relied on either to swell the active army or to constitute the reserve, which cannot be formed in its contemplated shape until sufficient time has elapsed for the men to pass out of the active army.

The cost to France of its active army of 450,000 men is a little less than twenty-two millions sterling per annum, and it is said that France since the war has spent in an extraordinary outlay on fortresses and materials sixty or seventy millions more. But the cost of the army must necessarily increase as the new system is developed. The organization of the reserve of the active army and that of the territorial army cannot be carried out without some expense. Fresh inducements must be offered to non-commissioned officers, if they are to be tempted to stay on and give the army the benefit of their experience; and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY thinks that the proportion of officers to men is very much too small, while an addition to the number of officers, if large enough to reach Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's standard, would be a costly, if a necessary, improvement. When the new system is fully carried out it may perhaps be calculated that one-third of the revenue of France, after deducting the interest on the public debt, will be needed for the army.

But it may be interesting to English readers to know that what is spent on the French army is in some measure saved from the expenditure on the navy. Major East tells us that the number of ships in commission is 121, consisting of 10 ironclads, 50 unarmoured screw-steamers, 18 paddle-steamers, 21 sailing-vessels, 9 ships under trial, 7 relief-ships, and 6 navigating school-ships, containing in all a little more than 25,000 officers and men. This is but a small force for France, and one not of a very formidable character. What is the real value of the active army of France it is impossible to say; but there can be no doubt that in 1870 the army broke down through defective organization, incapable officers, and the discouragement of early reverses; that now the system of organization is very good, and great efforts have been made to carry it out in practice; that the officers are imbued with a new spirit, are eager to learn and devoted to their profession; and that, if France were on the defensive, her fortresses and her readiness to take the field ought to protect her against early reverses. As to the fighting qualities of the French rank and file there can be no doubt, and there never was any, even in 1870. Into the details of the new system of French organization, territorial divisions, direct responsibility to the Minister of War, the Intendence and Intelligence departments, the infantry formation, and the proportion of guns to the troops, it is unnecessary to enter, for they almost exactly resemble our own. Both nations have been to the same school, and have sat at the feet of the terrible Germans.

Sir GARNET WOLSELEY does more than make a summary of Major East's statements, and add remarks as to the English army, as to which no one could be a better judge. He goes out of his way to air his views of politics and to dream political visions. We regret to find that a more thorough Chauvinist never breathed fire against *pékins*. He does not trouble himself about facts as long as he can have a slap at Radicals, or about probabilities as long as he pictures to himself how his own beloved army might be engaged. The thought must strike many readers, in what a very different spirit a study of the military position of France would have been made by the Duke of WELLINGTON, the greatest of English generals but the most free from military swagger. At every page Sir GARNET WOLSELEY turns to bestow his curses on the French Republicans. He thinks that the French army is now on the road to excellence; but, unless Marshal MACMAHON can hush the voice of faction and rule France as he pleases, he does not consider it at all certain that all will not be ruined by Republican jobbery and Republican revolutions. The MARSHAL is freely mentioned as the creator of the new army, with a strange forgetfulness of the fact that it was M. THIERS who invented the system, and that it was the Republicans who insisted on universal service. To change the character of the army, to make it really representative of the nation and not a separate caste, to insure that it shall be able to secure the sacred soil of France, and yet not be the instrument of a *coup d'état*, is the very first article in the Republican creed. The efficiency of an army depends in scarcely any degree on the nature of the Government. What it does depend on is the willingness of a nation to have a good army, on its having the men or money necessary, and on there being in the nation men capable of building up a good army, and allowed to do it. Our army is a very much better one than it was because all the requisites of a good army have been combined; but our Government is precisely what it was ten years ago, or is, if anything, more democratic. When a good army has been created, then the thought is apt to occur to those who have helped to create it that it is a great pity that so fine a piece of machinery should never be used. If they cannot get up a war, they can at least amuse themselves by speculations on a war which they think possible. The war on which Sir GARNET WOLSELEY lets his sportive fancy loose is a war with Germany, when it suddenly seizes on Holland; and no doubt, if such a thing happened, our army would be called on to fight, and would fight well, just as the German army would be called on to fight, and would fight well, if we tried suddenly to seize Holland. The indulgence in the thought of our triumphs in imaginary wars gives perhaps a harmless pleasure, but it is not a very dignified practice.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN'S ANSWER TO MR. BRIGHT.

MR. BRIGHT'S theory of a retired statesman's duties is peculiar and convenient. He seems to regard the fact that he is no longer able to take an active part in political life as a virtual absolution from the labour of acquainting himself with what is being done by others in the same field. Unfortunately for his reputation and for his usefulness, he does not hold himself equally released from the function of criticism. The knowledge of thirty years ago provides him with all the data he needs for passing judgment on the present generation of public men. It is impossible to read the letter from Sir JAMES STEPHEN which appeared in the *Times* of Thursday without regretting that it should have been necessary to write it in answer to Mr. BRIGHT. When Sir ARTHUR COTTON preaches irrigation as the one thing needful for India, and denounces the Government of India as an accomplice in the crime of murder, it is only a particular example of the general law that no fanatic thinks that there is any salvation outside the pale of his own particular craze. Canals are to Sir ARTHUR COTTON what the number of the beast is to Dr. CUMMING, or the shape of the earth to the gentleman who from time to time wastes his substance in advertising that all the world is mistaken in supposing it to be round. But Mr. BRIGHT is not a fanatic in this sense. To him the virtues of irrigation and the superiority of canals over railways are merely pegs on which to hang an occasional speech. He has a general desire that India should be prosperous, and he happens to have accepted Sir ARTHUR COTTON'S dogma that the secret of prosperity lies in making the map of India a spider's web in which every thread should stand for a navigable canal. Perhaps, if fortune had brought him in contact with a prophet of the contrary persuasion, he would have been equally sure that, if each line in the spider's web represented a railway, famines would have been made for ever impossible. In that case he would have abused the Government of India as roundly for not making more railways as he now abuses them for making so many. Instead of complaining, as he now does, that the Government neglected irrigation because they wanted railways for military purposes, he would have found fault with them because they made only so many railways as they wanted for military purposes and then made no more. The Government of India stands to Mr. BRIGHT in a precisely opposite position to that of a constitutional king. It can do no right. He can never forgive that original sin of its predecessors which supplanted so many of those amiable native sovereigns whose mild virtues have recently been reproduced for our instruction in the august person of the ex-Gaikwar of BARODA.

Mr. BRIGHT'S recklessness of accusation has undoubtedly diminished his influence, but it has not destroyed it; and it is well, for this reason, that Sir JAMES STEPHEN should have undertaken to refute the charges which have been brought against the Government of India. Mr. BRIGHT'S indictment is double—first, that irrigation would put an end to Indian famines; secondly, that the Government of India has neglected irrigation. It is not denied that irrigation is of very great value as a preservative against famine; and this is fully recognized in the VICEROY'S speech on Sir JOHN STRACHEY'S financial statement. Drought is the principal cause of scarcity in India; and in so far as the districts subject to drought admit of irrigation, the provision of securities against drought is tantamount to the provision of securities against scarcity. But for irrigation to do all that Sir ARTHUR COTTON and his disciple expect from it two conditions are required—one, that the land should be capable of irrigation; the other, that the cultivators should not be opposed to irrigation. The first of these conditions can never be dispensed with. If the land is not so shaped as to allow of the water of the rivers being intercepted at a point from whence it may be distributed by a natural fall over the district to be irrigated, nothing that Government can do can be of any avail. Water will not run up hill in India any more than in England. Supposing that the shape of the land does lend itself to this intercepting process, the question how the irrigation works are to be paid for has still to be considered. If the Government of India chose to contract a large additional debt for the purpose of making canals, and to tax every class and district in India in order to provide the interest, the difficulty would be solved. But, different as Europeans and Asiatics are, they have this characteristic in common, that they do not like putting their hands into their own pockets in order to enable

other people to put money into theirs. And to impose a general irrigation rate would be something nearly approaching to this. There are millions of cultivators whose property, and even their lives, depend on their land bringing forth fruit in its season. The Government are willing to make canals which shall, in fact, insure these cultivators against the recurrent calamity of a dry season; but the cost of making these canals must either be paid by the cultivators, whom they directly benefit, or by the non-cultivators, whom they only benefit remotely. The Government has very properly determined that profit and payment ought to go together, and that the persons who use the water provided by the Government shall be the persons to pay for it. In answer to this, the cultivators say in effect that they are quite willing to pay for it—when they use it. But they use it, perhaps, once in ten years, when the rain has not fallen and the wells have run dry. If the people who have lent the money wherewith to make the canals would be content to draw interest only every tenth year, this degree of readiness on the part of the cultivators would be all that is needed. But as the Government has to pay interest on the loan whether the water is used or not, its determination to make the cultivators pay for the works undertaken for their benefit involves a further determination to make them pay for the water even when they do not use it. If the Government of India had only to come to this resolution in order to secure instant and cheerful obedience to it, India might have canals enough to satisfy even Sir ARTHUR COTTON, provided that he did not insist on having them in districts where it is physically impossible to construct them. But in dealing with a class of persons whom Sir JAMES STEPHEN—agreeing in this respect with all competent Indian authorities—describes as by inveterate habit the most intensely conservative of all human beings, a prudent Government will move with the utmost caution and deliberation. It may be right to make the payment of an irrigation rate compulsory whether the water is taken or not. Sir JAMES STEPHEN is of opinion that it is right, but it cannot be expedient to impose such a rate except gradually, and where the benefit of irrigation admits of being very clearly demonstrated to those whose unwillingness to pay for it has to be overruled. The Government of India, left to itself, would have moved in this direction earlier and faster than it has been allowed to do. In 1871 a Bill making the payment of water-rates compulsory on the holders of irrigable land was passed, and disallowed by the SECRETARY OF STATE, and it was not until two years later that a much milder Bill to the same effect became law. The reason why irrigation has not been carried out more extensively is not that the Government of India is indifferent to the sufferings of its subjects, but that the Imperial Government is tender to their prejudices.

Further than this, it is, to say the least, by no means certain that the construction of railways, which in Mr. BRIGHT's opinion is one of the chief sins of Indian administration, would not, if it were pressed on with increased vigour, prove as effectual a preservative against famines as the extension of irrigation. There is never any positive want of food in India; the difficulty lies in bringing it to the mouths of the people. If there is scarcity in one district, there is abundance in another; and the reason why scarcity passes into famine is that there is no adequate means of communication between the two. Both in the present famine in Madras and in the famine two or three years back in Behar the question to be answered was not, Is there food enough in India to keep the people alive? but Is it practicable to bring the food to the people before they die? If what the VICEROY describes "as cheap local railways, forming an internal network for goods traffic," could be extended over the whole of India, the local Governments would watch the seasons with very much less anxiety than they feel now. With a population ready and able to pay a water-rate in order to secure itself against a possibly remote danger, irrigation, where it could be applied, would have the advantage over railways, partly because it would bring more food into existence, and partly because it would prevent the cultivators from being pauperized by the failure of the industry which alone gives them the means of buying food even if it is brought to them. But, considering the political and financial difficulties which delay the complete adoption of such a policy where the population is hostile to it, there is a great deal more to be said for railway extension than finds a place in Mr. BRIGHT's philosophy.

SCHOOL WORK IN LONDON.

THE annual Reports of the Inspectors appointed by the London School Board have in one respect an interest which is not possessed by those presented to the Education Department. The School Board can, if it chooses, act at once upon the suggestions made to it; the Education Department can only act in so far as the suggestions made to it admit of being incorporated into the Code. The latter is essentially a critical body; and, as regards the majority of its criticisms, the only consideration which it can present as a motive for attending to them is the hope of getting a larger annual grant by means of the improvement in the children's proficiency which may be expected to follow from their adoption. But the schools to which the Reports of the Inspectors of the London School Board refer belong to the Board and are managed by the Board. The Board is as much responsible for their condition, and as much to blame if that condition is unsatisfactory, as any clergyman can be in the case of a parish school. In fact, the responsibility in the case of the Board is the greater, inasmuch as improvement is usually a costly process, and a School Board has powers of raising money which are not enjoyed by the managers of a voluntary school.

No point better deserves the attention of the London School Board than the pupil-teacher system. It is probably a necessity under existing circumstances, and likely to remain a necessity for a very long time to come; but the disadvantages which surround it are so numerous that it needs to be watched with very close attention. The fault of the system is that it supplies schools with inefficient teachers, and that it tends to make this supply perpetual. A boy or girl only two or three years older than the scholar cannot teach as well as a trained master or mistress; and a master or mistress whose time during training has been largely occupied in teaching instead of in learning, is not likely to teach as well as one who has been entirely occupied in self-improvement. In theory, all the teachers in elementary schools ought to give their whole time to themselves until they are qualified to give their whole time to others. If they have to teach when they ought to be learning, the inevitable result will be that neither process will go on as well as if it had been carried on independently of the other. If the pupil-teachers do their work well in school, they can have very little time or energy left for qualifying themselves to pass examinations. If they are allowed to make preparations for examinations, their work in school is probably very imperfect. It is sometimes said that the system is necessary because in no other way could a supply of teachers be kept up. No doubt a certain amount of practice in teaching forms a necessary part of any adequate preparation for a teacher's career. But this practice need not constitute more than a fraction of the work of preparation; and, as such, it could be secured by attaching an elementary department to every training college, in which the best methods of teaching might be shown in operation and the student gradually allowed to take part in applying them. The real argument in favour of the pupil-teacher system is the very great cost of replacing it by a more efficacious system. In the schools belonging to the London School Board, 1,775 pupil-teachers were employed on the 31st of October last. If the whole of this staff were replaced by trained teachers deriving their whole support from their salaries, the expenses of the Board would be greatly increased. That the efficiency of the schools would be increased to a more than proportionate extent is exceedingly probable; but it does not follow that the ratepayers, with their present estimate of the value of education, would consider this a sufficient ground for making the change. For the present, therefore, all that can be done is to remedy the more obvious defects of the existing arrangement. One such defect is pointed out in Mr. NOBLE's Report. At present the head teachers are regarded as integral portions of the teaching staff. They have, therefore, to teach a class regularly as well as to overlook the general work and exercise constant supervision over the pupil-teachers. It is impossible that both these duties should be equally well performed when they have to be performed at the same time, because each requires the entire attention of the person performing it. As teaching is to most people a more interesting work than watching others teach, and as excellence in teaching is probably less rare than excellence in training others to teach, the pupil-teachers are usually the sufferers by this

combination. Another fault pointed out by Mr. NOBLE is the shortness of the time allowed to pupil-teachers for private study. As soon as they are set to work in the school, and come to be counted as part of the staff, there is a natural desire on the part of all concerned to get as much out of them as possible. This is plainly a short-sighted policy as regards elementary education, whatever it may be as regards the success of particular schools. The subject has for some time been under the consideration of the School Management Committee, and two schemes have been successively presented to them by the Board. Both schemes strike out a certain proportion of pupil-teachers from the school staff; but, whereas in the first this is suggested to an extent involving an additional expenditure of 30,000*l.* a year, the second scheme is less bold, and only proposes to add 10,000*l.* to the annual outlay. By the first scheme each candidate was to be allowed three hours, and each pupil-teacher two hours, for private study during the school hours of each day. In the second scheme candidates and pupil-teachers are alike allowed an hour and a half for this purpose. The School Management Committee further recommend that classes be established in central positions at which pupil-teachers shall attend for instruction.

Another defect which seems to call for notice is the absence in the schools under the London School Board of any regular system of promotion. Mr. RICKS says that, under the present system, "the selection of the most suitable teacher for a particular school is very much of a lottery." The best man on a list of candidates is selected, perhaps, for a school of one hundred and fifty children. Shortly afterwards there is a vacancy in a school of three hundred and fifty children. The man who was second best in the former contest is now the best, and accordingly he gets the appointment. "Naturally the first master says, 'I expected and hoped to have been promoted to the larger school.'" Or a vacancy in the mastership of a large school is filled by the appointment of a young man who has served as assistant, while the master of a neighbouring school, who has been counting on getting promotion, is passed over. This is not the way to encourage good work among the teachers. The work of elementary teaching is sufficiently disheartening without any artificial depression. With the extensive provision for estimating the work of the several teachers which is afforded by the Reports of the Inspectors, whether of the School Board or of the Education Department, the School Board are in a position to make promotion the best possible incentive to good work. If every head teacher knew that, in proportion as his management of his school was favourably or unfavourably reported upon, his chance of getting a more important and better paid post would rise or fall, there would be a positive inducement to do his best. It may be that in many cases no such inducement as this is required. But it is not wise to trust so exclusively to the more heroic motives as to make no appeal to those by which men are ordinarily influenced. In every service a good system of promotion has been found one of the surest methods of securing excellence in the members, and there is no reason why we should neglect in the case of elementary schools what we keep carefully in mind in other cases. Mr. NOBLE says:—"I am aware that any graduated system of promotion would involve centralization," and "the selections of at least the head teachers would have to be made by a Committee of the Board." This seems to indicate that some opposition to centralization has found expression among those who are locally interested in particular Board schools. If so, it is well that objectors should be reminded that a considerable amount of centralization is involved in the very idea of a School Board for the whole of London. If Parliament had not wished to make the Board directly responsible for the well-being of every school under their charge, it would naturally have created separate School Boards for each of the districts into which London is divided. Why, except for securing greater centralization, should Marylebone and Lambeth, or Chelsea and the Tower Hamlets, be placed under the same educational government? Every argument against centralizing the work of the London School Board is an argument in favour of breaking up the existing Board into fragments.

THE YEAR.

THE war which was threatening at the end of last year broke out in the spring of this, and its vicissitudes have almost entirely absorbed the attention of England and of Europe. As England kept aloof from the contest, and the Government showed a prudence which was entirely in accordance with public opinion, there was little occasion given for agitation here or for conflicts in or out of Parliament: but the extreme interest with which the successive phases of the struggle have been watched has thrown questions of home politics into the shade. Had it not been for the serious crisis in France and the fierce battle waged there between law and despotism, there would be little to record in the year but the stories of the campaigns in Bulgaria and Armenia. With the exception of the war between Germany and France, scarcely any war has been within a short space of time so full of moving incidents. The early successes of Russia, her reverses, the unexpected obstinacy and gallantry of the Turks, the paralysis which at one time seemed to benumb both combatants, the prolonged resistance of Plevna ending in the dramatic sortie of Osman Pasha, and the brilliant feat of arms by which Kars was captured, have afforded a constant theme of wonder, surprise, and explanations. If little has been thought of but the war, at any rate the war has been well worth thinking of, and has been as instructive as it has been exciting.

During December of last year Midhat Pasha had been made Grand Vizier, the new Turkish Constitution had been promulgated, the representatives of the six Powers had submitted their joint proposals to the Porte, and the Porte had submitted to them its counter proposals. The representatives of the Powers had asked that there should be an International Commission of supervision; and that Governors of the three disaffected provinces should be appointed for five years with the consent of the Powers. They had also demanded, or suggested, that there should be a foreign gendarmerie appointed, drawn from Belgium or some minor State; that the Turkish troops should be confined to garrison towns; that provisions should be made for a better judicial and financial system in the districts dealt with; and that peace should be made with Servia and Montenegro, with a rectification of frontiers in favour of those States. The Porte had replied that the new Constitution and the local reforms it was going to set up would suffice for the object which the Powers professed to have in view, and that it would not admit any interference with the supremacy of the Sultan in his own dominions. For three weeks longer the questions at issue were debated, and gradually all others dropped out of consideration except the Commission of control and the concurrence of the Powers in the appointment of the Governors. The Porte would not yield on either head; and on the 20th of January the Conference broke up, having failed, and, as Lord Salisbury afterwards explained, having been predestined to failure from the outset. Scarcely had the representatives of the Powers returned home, when the startling announcement was made that Midhat Pasha, who had seemed all-powerful, who had invented the Turkish Parliament and bearded the Conference, had been suddenly dragged down from power, and sent into exile. When in England the Session began, it was evident that the line taken by the Ministry commanded general approval. England would neither coerce the Turks nor stir a finger to help them. As Lord Salisbury explained, he had gone to Constantinople, not to hear statements from the Porte as to its good intentions, but to obtain guarantees for its good conduct; and he found he had really no one to address, as in Turkey there are only two forces to count with—the Sultan and the Revolution—and the Sultan could do nothing, as he was in fear of being assassinated or deposed, while the Revolution was so exceedingly ignorant that any discussion with it of a European question was impossible. Lord Derby praised Lord Salisbury for his successful adroitness in having induced the Russian representative to moderate his demands; and perhaps Prince Gortchakoff was equally satisfied with the management of General Ignatieff, who had induced England to join with the other Great Powers in making demands which, however limited, were refused. There was a show of Parliamentary controversy as to whether the Government had done rightly in letting the Turks know too early the secret that, so far as England was concerned, they were free to accept or reject the proposals of the Conference as they pleased; but there was no real difference of opinion, and Mr. Gladstone could get few to support him when he urged that we ought to have ourselves threatened Turkey, and should have been prepared to give effect to our threats. In March General Ignatieff was sent on a tour of visits to the principal Courts, and while eight more corps of the Russian army were mobilized, he was instructed to say that Russia would gladly abandon all intentions of war if a common basis of action could be devised. Meanwhile Turkey had done something towards the maintenance of peace by according to Servia—which, in a military point of view, was entirely at her mercy—most favourable terms. In this Turkey was mainly guided by the advice of England, and the English Government strove hard to retain its influence at Constantinople, replacing Sir Henry Elliot by Mr. Layard, who was known as a staunch friend of Turkey, and was supposed to be of all English diplomats the most acceptable at Constantinople. The visit of General Ignatieff led to the initiation of the curious diplomatic proceedings by which a Protocol was ultimately formulated in which the Great Powers agreed that, when a given time had elapsed, they would, in case the promised reforms of Turkey were not realized, see whether

something further should not be done. Lord Derby, however, stipulated that England was not to be held bound by the Protocol unless the armies of Turkey and Russia were demobilized. Russia on this announced that it would be ready to treat for demobilization if a Turkish representative was sent to St. Petersburg to ask for it, and if satisfactory terms were granted to Montenegro. But proposals of this kind were suddenly cut short by the Turks themselves taking the initiative and repudiating the Protocol altogether. They wished for war, and were quite ready to accept the challenge of Russia. All prospects of peace vanished, and on April 24 war was declared by the Czar.

Lord Derby addressed to the Russian Court a strong despatch in which he severely criticized the conduct of Russia in breaking away from the European concert and forcing on an unnecessary war. Prince Gortchakoff replied with diplomatic mildness, and protested that Russia would do nothing to injure English interests. What was meant by English interests was the great point for all parties to know, and when Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions came on for debate, the Ministry terminated the suspense of England and Europe by the announcement that English interests were only concerned with the safeguard of Constantinople, Egypt, the Suez Canal, and the Persian Gulf. Russia willingly undertook to respect the interests thus specified, and the majority of Englishmen were quite satisfied with the declaration of the Government. Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions had at one time threatened to break up the Liberal party; but the breach was healed by the contrivance of arranging that Mr. Gladstone should advocate all his Resolutions, but only put the first two to a vote. A division, in which the Government had an overwhelming majority, was taken for the sake of form; but all difference of opinion between the recognized leaders of the Opposition and the Government had ceased as soon as Mr. Cross had disappointed many of his own followers by his very moderate and sensible speech. To the determination then expressed the Government has since steadily adhered. A proclamation of neutrality was issued as soon as the war began; and that it was not a mere form was shown by the Government calling on English officers who had entered the Turkish service to choose between resigning their engagements at home and resigning their engagements abroad. At the Merchant Taylors' dinner early in the summer Lord Salisbury ridiculed the notion of England being alarmed because Russia seemed to be making progress in Armenia; and Lord Derby echoed the words of his colleague. The English fleet was stationed at Besika Bay, but it was explained that this was principally to facilitate communication between the Admiral and Mr. Layard. A few thousand men were ordered somewhat suddenly to embark at Portsmouth, but it was explained that the only object in despatching them was to strengthen our Mediterranean garrisons. To preclude any chance of a hostile collision interrupting the traffic of the Suez Canal, an English naval force was sent there, and Lord Derby announced that the Canal must always be kept open for England, even if England herself were engaged in war. For some time the calamities of Russia suspended anxiety as to the part England would play. But since fortune has again smiled on Russia, the language of the Ministry has been always the same. Lord Beaconsfield at Guildhall dwelt with marked emphasis on the conditional nature of our neutrality; but Lord Derby, in reply to a deputation, and Sir Stafford Northcote at Bournemouth, firmly maintained that we were really neutral, and that it would be time enough to think of our interests when they, as defined by Mr. Cross, were seriously threatened. The recent overtures of Turkey for peace may place the Government in a position of some difficulty; but the early meeting of Parliament gives some assurance that the nation will be taken into the confidence of the Government, and that no step will be taken except in accordance with the general wish that peace may be preserved so long as honour permits and wisdom counsels its preservation.

When war was declared, the advance-guard of the Russians was forward enough to seize the railway bridge over the Sereth, which was dangerously near the Danube, and was indispensable to their communications. They also managed to overcome with unexpected ease their first difficulty, and paralysed the Turkish monitors on the river, one being fired by a torpedo, and thus affording the only conspicuous instance that has been given of the efficacy of the new engine of war. But the army was not ready for many weeks to attempt the passage of the Danube. Russia was not in any way prepared for the difficult task she had undertaken. She had attempted to frighten Turkey by mobilization, but she had nothing like the number of men mobilized which the real work of conquering Turkey demanded. The Russian plans were conceived on the assumption that a quarter of million men would be thrown across the Danube, a strong force being placed in the Dobrudscha to hold the fortresses in check and to seize at Varna the line of their communication. If eighty thousand men could have made everything safe on the Lom and the Jantra, and in the direction of Widdin, a hundred thousand, it was thought, might be hurled across the Balkans on Adrianople. But, in point of fact, the Russians had little more than half the troops requisite for such a scheme, and the troops they could command had to be brought up to the river, and war material and the means of crossing to be provided. Roumania soon passed from the position of a nominal neutral to that of an active enemy, and on May 21 proclaimed its independence. But it was not until June 6 that the Czar found it convenient to arrive at Plojesti; and the Dobrudscha force under Zimmermann, although meeting with no opposition in crossing, had so much difficulty in passing over the inundated land

near the river, which this year was exceptionally high, that it was not until June 23 that Zimmermann could get a hold on the Dobrudscha by the occupation of Matchin. When he had got across he could do but little, as he had only forty thousand men, and although he was let alone he did not do much good. He took Kustendji, and seemed at one time to menace the communications of the Quadrilateral with the sea; but his efforts died away, and anything like participation in a great combined movement became impossible when it was evident that the main army entering Bulgaria was too hard pressed to invite his co-operation. The passage was effected with much skill at Simnitsa on June 26, under Dragomiroff, Radetzky, and Minski, and one of the greatest surprises of the war was that the Russians should have found their way into Bulgaria so easily. When they were over the Danube they showed little activity, sent forward few cavalry to reconnoitre, and wasted a time which seemed unaccountably long. The simple explanation was that they had not men enough for their undertaking, and that the officers were too little accustomed to war to know how to make the best use of what force they had. The left division of the army, under the Cesarewitch, was magniloquently called the army of Rustchuk, and did proceed in the direction of that place, its leaders expecting probably that it would not need to be taken, but that gold would do the work of steel. The Pasha in command was suddenly dismissed, and the Russians as suddenly fell back to Biela. The central division, under the Grand Duke Michael, encountered no opposition in entering Tirnova, and there the Czar issued a proclamation to the Bulgarians whom he had come to liberate. Nicopolis also was taken by Krudener with the right division, after a faint resistance; and in the third week of July Gourko made his celebrated march through the Balkans, taking the Shipka Pass in reverse, and seeming to have nothing between him and Adrianople; and he did, in fact, get as far on his way as Karabunar. But, brilliant as was the exploit, he had no power of carrying it out to the end. He was not supported, and could not have been, for there were no troops to send to help him; and when Suleiman Pasha, who had been rapidly summoned from Montenegro, where he had inflicted severe punishment on the mountaineers, came on the scene of action, a check involving the total defeat of the Bulgarians aiding Gourko at Eski Sagra turned back the feeble tide of Russian invasion; and Suleiman seized on Kezanlik, the southern watchpost of the Shipka. Osman Pasha had issued from Widdin, and, having made for the relief of Nicopolis, which fell before it could be relieved, had been allowed to occupy without difficulty Plevna, which had been taken possession of by the Russians; and when Krudener, perceiving too late the importance of the position, sent Schilder to retake it, the assailants were driven off with considerable loss, and Osman Pasha remained master of the town which was to be associated so indissolubly with his name in history. The importance of the place was at length realized by the Russians, and a determined effort to take it at any cost was ordered to be made under Krudener and Schakofskoy. All the troops that could be got together for the purpose were hurled at Plevna on July 31. But the attack ended in a bloody and disastrous repulse. It was badly managed; the two leaders acted independently, and Schakofskoy went recklessly forward, while Krudener was unable to give him any support. The Russian loss was enormous, and the whole plan of the campaign had to be altered, as a general move southward was impossible with Plevna untaken on the flank.

The Turks had not done much. They had not prevented the passage of the river; they had not crushed the few and scattered bodies of the enemy. Abdul Kerim was in command, and his plan was to do nothing, and let the enemy wear himself out. But he was replaced by Mehemet Ali, and still the Turks did little. The war in Europe seemed to come to a standstill. The Russians could not get forward, and yet they could not be driven back. August and September were mainly spent by Russia in bringing up reinforcements, and at the same time when the Russian advance was checked in Europe a similar fate had overtaken them in Armenia. There too they had obtained early successes, had miscalculated the strength of the enemy, had far too few men for the task they had undertaken, and were scarcely able to hold on while they were waiting for reinforcements. The Russian operations in Armenia began the very day when war was declared. The army of the Grand Duke Michael, under the immediate command of General Loris Melikoff, marched in three divisions into Turkish territory to unite for the capture of Erzeroum. Mukhtar Pasha, who was in command of the Turks, had an excellent lieutenant in Faizi Pasha, a Hungarian refugee, and some good troops, of whom the Arabians were the best. But he had scarcely any cavalry, and was short of men and material. He accordingly fell back on the Soghanli range to guard Erzeroum, after throwing a force into Kars. General Melikoff with the Russian centre turned off from Kars, and after a severe struggle took Ardahan on the 17th of May, while Bayazid was taken by the Russian left under Tergukasoff. Olti, on the road from Ardahan to Erzeroum, being threatened, Mukhtar Pasha drew back to Zewin, where he entrenched himself in a strong position, and soon began to receive aid from Constantinople, which turned for a time the tide of war. The Porte also did more in Asia than relieve Mukhtar Pasha. Its command of the sea enabled it to ward off the attack on Batoum which the Russians were conducting under Oklobjio as a separate operation. It also seized the Russian port of Sukkum Kaleh, and through this entrance sent in arms and men to stir up an insurrection among the Circassian tribes of the Caucasus. The insurrection never assumed propor-

tions large enough to make it a real danger to Russia; but a sufficient number of Russian troops had to be engaged in suppressing it, and the Russian communications were sufficiently threatened, to improve greatly Mukhtar Pasha's means of resistance. Kars was invested, and Tergukasoff defeated the enemy near Delibaba on the 16th of June; but Tergukasoff was defeated five days later and forced to retreat. Fearing that his retreat might end in a disaster, Melikoff determined to help him by an attack on Faizi Pasha in the strong position of Zewin. General Heimann, who led the attack, suffered a bloody repulse, and the consequence was that the investment of Kars was abandoned, and all the Russians retreated. On his way back General Tergukasoff had the satisfaction of relieving the beleaguered garrison of Bayazid, which, after having seen a portion of its number treacherously murdered by the Kurds after a surrender had been accepted, were holding out in despair. Mehemet Ali took up a strong position east of Kars, partly on the range of the Aladja Dag, and partly on the plateau and isolated hills which border on Kars. Thus by the middle of July the Russian invasion of Armenia had apparently been brought to a disastrous end, and at Igdyr, a point of Russian territory was itself menaced by the Kurds. General Melikoff posted himself at Karajal to bar the way to Alexandropol, and for two months and a half the two armies lay looking at each other, each being on the defensive, except that on the 25th of August Mukhtar Pasha made a sudden attack and carried the commanding position of the Kizil Tepe. He was satisfied with defending Armenia, and Melikoff had no chance of attacking him successfully until with October came the long-looked-for and much needed reinforcements which enabled the Russians to alter altogether the complexion of affairs.

His defeat at Eski Sagra forced Gourko to retire into the passes of the Balkans, and Suleiman Pasha, having first occupied the village of Shipka, determined to force at all costs the Shipka Pass itself. For ten days a struggle went on, in which it is said Suleiman threw away twenty thousand of the best soldiers of the Porte. The Russians were very weak in numbers at first; but reinforcements were received, and although the Turks made way, they could never take Fort Nicholas at the summit, or intercept the communications of the Russians with Tirnova. The army of the Cesarewitch was constantly assailed by the army of Mehemet Ali, and by a successful attack on Karahassankoi the Russians were driven over the Lom at the beginning of September. The Russians were also defeated at Kaceljevo; but the army of the Cesarewitch was not so much shaken as forced to concentrate itself; even when Mehemet Ali, in obedience to orders from Constantinople, made a serious attack at Cairkoi, he was defeated, and was shortly afterwards replaced by Suleiman. The result of the operations of August and September was that the Turks could not get the Russians out of the Shipka Pass, and could not make any impression on the army which was guarding the Russian communications with the Danube. But the Russians were not making any progress. There was no hope of ending the war in one campaign, and accordingly it was determined to make another great effort to take Plevna, which was the chief bar to their advance. The Guards had not come up from Russia, but at the end of August the Roumanian army had crossed the Danube, and it was resolved to make a great attempt on Plevna, although, even with the Roumanians, the force at the disposal of the Grand Duke Nicholas did not amount to more than sixty thousand men, for a work for which military critics considered at least half as many again to be necessary. Loftcha was taken by Prince Imeretinski on September 3, and thus the intended attack from the south was in some degree facilitated. After four days' bombardment the great assault was made on September 11 in presence of the Czar himself. It was repulsed with heavy loss on all points, except on the south, where Skobelev took two redoubts, from which he had to retire on the following day, and in the centre, where the Roumanians took and kept the Grivica redoubt. This crushing defeat obliged the Russians to alter altogether their scheme of the campaign. General Todleben, famous for the defence of Sebastopol, was sent for, and it was decided under his direction that Plevna must be completely invested and starved into surrender. By adroit management and through the supineness of General Kriloff, who might have made a better use of the fine force of cavalry at his command, large reinforcements and convoys of provisions and ammunition were safely got into Plevna by the Turks before the lines of investment were formed. But Gourko and Skobelev were employed to use all the means necessary for active and enterprising generals to close the road to Orkanye, where the Turks under Chefket Pasha were doing their utmost to relieve Plevna or to provide a safe line of retreat for Osman Pasha. The Turks, scattered along a line of villages, were successively driven out of post after post, and when Skobelev had taken the green hill on the south-east of Plevna, and the line of the Vid was occupied by the Russians, who had now received large reinforcements, the investment was complete. Week after week passed, but Osman Pasha, cut off from the world, held out with unconquerable firmness until he could hold out no more. On December 11 he made a supreme effort to get out with his army in the direction of Widdin; but the encircling bands were too strong, and he surrendered with his whole army, which, however, had by this time been reduced to little more than twenty thousand men. The Russians had at last triumphed, and Plevna was theirs. It ought never to have passed from their possession, and in their ill-judged assaults on it they had thrown away thousands of lives; but finally numbers and patience triumphed, and Osman Pasha was a prisoner.

This success in Europe had been preceded by a still more striking success in Asia. By the beginning of October the army of the Caucasus had been largely reinforced, and, after a useless attack on the position of the Great Yagni, one of the numerous isolated hills to the east of Kars, which was taken, but had to be abandoned, and the repulse of a Turkish attack on the Russian camp, General Melikoff determined to try a more efficacious plan of attack, and sent General Lazareff by a long détour to the rear of Mukhtar's left. The measure was successful. On October 14 the Turkish left was forced to retire on Kars; and next day General Heimann carried Mount Acolias, the key of Mukhtar's central position. The Turkish army was cut in two. Part fled in disorder, closely pursued, and part surrendered. Thousands of prisoners, many Pashas, and many guns fell into the hands of the Russians. Hurrying towards Erzeroum Mukhtar Pasha managed to join Ismail Pasha, who was retiring with his Kurds from Bayazid; and the Turkish army made a last stand on the fortified heights of Deva Boyun, at a short distance from Erzeroum. This position was however carried, after a severe action, by Generals Heimann and Tergukasoff, and the Russians were fairly in sight of Erzeroum. They took the Azizieh fort, on the east, by surprise; but, as it was commanded by another fort, they had to retire, and since November 10 they have been merely looking at Erzeroum, the weather having made further action almost impossible, and the Russian forces being too small for the complete investment of the place. But on the 13th the Russians delivered a blow which was the most striking and complete success of the war. They took Kars by assault. The way for this daring feat had been prepared by a prolonged fire from the Russian batteries; and the garrison, dispirited and distracted by the number of points they had to protect, gave way, and surrendered in a few hours a fortress that was supposed to be almost impregnable. The gallantry with which the attack was executed was equalled by the boldness and ability with which it had been planned, and for once the Russians had in General Melikoff a leader of whom they could be as proud as of the troops under him. On the Turks the fall of Kars, followed by that of Plevna, appears to have produced a strong impression. The Porte has announced to the neutral Powers that it would see with satisfaction an end put to the war; and, although the terms of peace which it seems disposed to accept are such as at present to offer no basis for negotiations, the step taken may be merely the prelude to more serious offers. The Turks have fought with great courage, and Mukhtar and Osman Pashas are generals as competent as any who are opposed to them. The Russians have many reasons for wishing to avoid a second campaign, which must involve them in grave financial embarrassment; and if they needed the lesson that their generals were apt to be incompetent, their administrative service open to corruption, and their enthusiasm often misplaced, they have had a full opportunity of gaining it. On the whole, the Russian army has behaved exceedingly well towards the vanquished, and has not been stained by cruelty or robbery. The Turks have shown their old barbarity towards prisoners, and they avenged the defection of the Bulgarians south of the Balkans with merciless severity. The Montenegrins, after Suleiman's departure saved them from destruction, obtained some successes, and have been for weeks besieging the citadel of Antivari, which the Turks retained when they were driven from the town itself. Very recently Serbia has thought fit to come into the field, and its army has taken Ak Palanka and is besieging Nisch, having prudently waited until the capture of Plevna seemed to make it safe to stir. The troops of Suleiman Pasha have begun to move from the Quadrilateral to the south of the Balkans; and it is probable that the siege of the fortresses will soon begin, General Todleben having been placed in command of the force destined for the investment of Rustchuk, and General Zimmermann being now free to act on the side of Silistria. The Turks still hold the position of Kamarli, on the way to Sofia, and the weather will probably prevent any serious effort on the part of the Russians to move south of the Balkans before the spring. It remains to be seen whether the interval of comparative inactivity can be turned to good use by the conclusion of peace. What the real wishes of the Porte are it is impossible to say. Minister has been superseded by Minister and commander by commander. Even the Sheik-ul-Islam has been summarily superseded, but the Sultan seems unable to shake off the influence of his brother-in-law Mahmoud Damad. He has to fear the Palace revolutions which raise and depress so many Oriental sovereigns, and a conspiracy was lately detected which proposed to restore the brother who was driven from the throne to make way for him. He also appears to be uncertain how far his subjects will blindly accept any decision he may form, and it is said that he intends to consult the curious Assembly which meets together under the name of the Ottoman Parliament before he acts on the recognition of the dangers to which his Empire is exposed.

In the internal politics of England the most noticeable incident has been the introduction into Parliamentary life of the nuisance of Irish obstruction. Half-a-dozen Irishmen determined last Session to make the first of legislative assemblies impotent and ridiculous by using the forms of the House to delay all business. It was an evil for which no remedy existed, because it was one the possible existence of which had never been anticipated. There were many Irish Bills before the House of Commons, and on these it might have been expected that Irishmen would speak with the prolixity and difference of opinion that distinguish them. The Government had three

Bills dealing respectively with Irish Prisons, Irish County Courts and the Irish Judiciary; and private members proposed or discussed an Irish Land Bill, an Irish Suffrage Bill, a University Bill, an Irish Peerage Bill, and an Irish Sunday Closing Bill—the last a matter of some importance, as displaying the extreme difficulty of ascertaining what the Irish really wish as to a question on which they are said to be agreed. But to take up more than a fair share of public time with Irish questions was not enough for the obstructives. They amused themselves with opposing every Bill. For every clause they had an amendment, and they kept on moving to report progress and that the Chairman leave the chair, till they became the masters of the House. At one time Sir Stafford Northcote seemed prepared to make an example of Mr. Parnell, but Mr. Hardy interposed to prevent his colleague going too fast; two mild rules were invented which proved utterly inefficacious, and in order to get the South African Bill through, the House sat for twenty-six hours at a stretch, with relays of members relieving each other. Since the Session closed fierce questionings have been going on among Home Rulers as to the expediency of this mode of attacking the Saxon; but the obstructives have never yielded for a second to the arguments or authority of those who attempted to bring them to reason; and the House of Commons will have to devise some way of putting them down and regaining its command of itself, if they show that they are as determined in their folly as they assert themselves to be. The Government, partly in consequence of the war, and partly through the action of the obstructives, did but little. The University and Prisons Bills were carried, the real discussion on them having taken place last year. The Burials Bill had to be withdrawn in consequence of the opposition it excited in the Lords, where a section of the Conservative peers, under the guidance of Lord Harrowby and with the sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, insisted on those demands of the Dissenters being met which it was the object of the Bill to silence rather than satisfy. As the Budget altered nothing, it provoked no criticism; and Mr. Hardy had the satisfaction of being able to state that the number and quality of recruits were steadily improving; while Mr. Ward Hunt had little difficulty in resisting a motion for superseding the First Lord of the Admiralty by a Secretary of State. The appointment of Mr. Pigott raised what was perhaps the most exciting controversy of the Session. Lord Beaconsfield had the good luck to have an entirely imaginary case got up against him by Mr. Holms, and accepted as true by Sir Stafford Northcote. It was stated that the appointment of Mr. Pigott, who was made Controller of Stationery without being either an expert in stationery or a Literary Dean, must be an electioneering job; and Lord Beaconsfield had the triumph of showing that, from mere wish to promote merit, he had selected a man whom he did not know by sight, and whose father had voted against him and sued him at law. Sir Stafford Northcote has occupied his new position as leader of the House with tolerable success. He is prudent, courteous, and conciliatory; but he too often swops horses while crossing a stream, and a debate ends, as did those on county administration and the Stock Exchange, with the Government adopting a very different line from that with which it had begun. Since the recess began there has been some little attempt to infuse spirit into party politics, and Lord Hartington, selecting Scotland as his field, made speeches of sufficient weight and power to serve thenceforth as the constant theme of his Ministerial opponents. The unrecognized leader of the Liberal party has maintained his unwearied course of publicity and activity. Nothing is too small or too great for Mr. Gladstone. He has welcomed excursionists, he has cut down trees, he has been to Ireland, and he has lived to see in his old age an invention of the human intellect which seems to have been expressly designed for him. Monthly magazines, with the names of the writers given, in which all subjects are discussed and none much advanced, are exactly made to delight Mr. Gladstone. In alternate months he answers Mr. Lowe, and is answered by him, and the county franchise, on which Lord Hartington recommends the Liberals to combine, is tossed backward and forward between these accomplished disputants. The Ministry does not seem as yet to be losing ground. No important elections have been decided against them, and their reputation for successful administration is unimpaired. The selection of Mr. Smith as First Lord of the Admiralty may at least be taken as an indication that Lord Beaconsfield tries to get the best men he can to help him without any undue regard for opposing claims or expectations.

If nothing else had occurred to turn the thoughts of England to India, the war must have done so, as our sole, or at least our special, interest in the war lies in the necessity of guarding India and our road to it. The only real danger we have hitherto incurred is that the Government might have been foolish enough to favour the notion that we were bound to do something unusual to mark our readiness to checkmate Russia before she hurt us. Fortunately common sense has not deserted the Government. At one time it seemed as if the occupation of Quetta might indicate a new frontier policy, and it was rumoured subsequently that what was looked on as encroachment beyond our border had awakened the distrust of Khelat and Cabul. But Lord Salisbury calmed apprehension by an explicit statement that our frontier policy remained unchanged. Since then there has been a slight border disturbance, and it has been found necessary to take severe steps to restrain the raids of the tribe of the Jowakis. On the 1st of January the Queen was proclaimed Kaiser-i-Hind at Delhi, and this very harmless mode of bearding Russia hurt no one, and possibly amused the Viceroy and some of

the native chiefs. But all other incidents of current Indian life are swallowed up in the recollection of the terrible famine which has devastated Madras and a portion of Bombay. The evil grew and grew from January to August. There was a quarter of a million of people receiving relief, then a million, then two millions. The sympathy of England was deeply roused, and a national subscription was raised large enough to show how keenly sympathy was felt. The worst is now over, but time alone can show how great has been the calamity, and how severe are its after effects, and a burden of at least ten or eleven millions sterling must be placed on the struggling exchequer of India. Experience, however, has not been thrown away; and it is now proposed that a reserve fund of a million and a half obtained by increased taxation shall be established to meet the contingency of future famines. The Cape also has been a scene and a source of anxiety. The occupation of the Transvaal was forced on England by the danger of a general Caffre war which the Dutch colonists were unwilling or unable to prevent, and subsequently the insurrection of Krel and his Galekas, although easily suppressed by the energy of Sir Bartle Frere, his officials, and the English generally, shows how much danger must attend a colony where a few whites live among many savages with all Africa at their back as a recruiting ground. Lord Carnarvon has perhaps done all he could for the English by carrying a Bill permitting them to unite their strength in a federated State if they are willing to be wise in time. It is also in favour of the Cape that every year we shall penetrate further into the darkness of the region that lies behind it. Mr. Stanley has obtained one of the greatest of geographical triumphs by the discovery that the Lualaba flows into the Congo, and that there is thus an Amazon in Africa. The war, the Indian famine, and the perils of the Cape have thus furnished us with our main topics of interest during the year. But there have been some minor ripples on the placid bosom of home life. The nation was thrilled with the tale of the danger and rescue of the Pontypridd miners; and the trials of the Penge murderers, the Detectives, and Mr. Bradlaugh, the suicide of the Christ's Hospital scholar, the advent of the Colorado beetle, the frightful collision of the *Avalanche* and *Forest*, and the imprisonment and legal triumph of Mr. Toth, have in different ways moved the pity, the fears, or the indignation of an excitable public. The long reign of commercial depression has continued throughout the year without a break, and without any signs of immediate improvement. Great, however, as has been the suffering caused by the stagnation in the iron and coal trades, and in many branches of manufacture, and by the shortsighted endeavour of the men to exact wages which there are no profits to meet, the revenue has not fallen off, and the aggregate of national wealth is probably as yet little diminished.

The good sense of the American people which preferred any solution to a prolongation of the Presidential contest found expression in the appointment of a Joint Committee composed of five Senators, five Deputies, and five Judges, to decide on the disputed returns. The Republicans had a majority of one on the Committee, and by a strict party vote it was decided not to go behind the returns in Louisiana and Florida, and Mr. Hayes was duly established as President in March, his predecessor, General Grant, taking the opportunity of leisure to pay a visit to England, where he was warmly and perhaps ostentatiously welcomed, and afterwards to France. President Hayes has tried hard to act honestly by all parties, to conciliate the South, and to improve the standard of national integrity. By recalling the Federal troops from New Orleans, where there had been two rival Legislatures under two rival Governors, he gave the victory to Mr. Nicholls, the Democratic Governor, and New Orleans has since then been at rest. In July a serious outbreak occurred in Pennsylvania which threatened to spread far and wide, a great strike having been organized on the railways and afterwards in the collieries, and a wild mob having aided the strikers in resistance. After much danger and many excesses, the troops under General Hartranft suppressed the outbreak; but much ill-feeling was left behind, and what was termed a working-men's party began to be formed outside the two recognized parties of American politics. Mr. Hayes has had many troubles to encounter. The Democrats command the House of Assembly, and they gained a considerable victory by carrying in the autumn the governorship of President Hayes's own State of Ohio. In the Senate the Republicans have a slight and variable majority, but there the opposition to the President is strong, as he is thought to be destroying the organization of the party he represents. It was for some time doubtful whether his choice of a Cabinet would be confirmed, and it was only after much controversy that he was allowed to send Mr. Welsh to England as the successor of Mr. Pierrepont. He had attempted to reform the Civil Service by removing from their posts some New York officials who declined to obey his injunctions to abstain from political disputes; but the Senate declined to confirm the nomination of their successors. A still more serious difficulty awaits him in regard to finance, violent efforts having been made to pass Bills deferring the resumption of specie payments, and to introduce silver as a concurrent standard with gold. The President is fully alive to the shock which such measures would cause to the national credit, but he will apparently have to withstand very strong pressure if he wishes to maintain his own opinions. The Fishery arbitrators have at last given their award, by which a sum somewhat under a million sterling is to be paid to Canada; but the American arbitrator, Mr. Kellogg, dissented from the decision of his colleagues, Sir A. Galt and M. Delfosse, and it is not

as yet known whether the American Government will hold itself bound by the award. No disturbance has marred the happy relations of the United States with foreign States, except so far as the raids of the Mexican borderers into Texas can be said to have done so. The Mexican Government is as anxious to stop these raids as that of the United States can be; and it may therefore be hoped that between them they will soon manage to discourage the activity of a set of thieves and cattle-lifters.

During the first few months of the year France was as tranquil as a country could be. M. Léon Say prepared the Budget, which he had little doubt of passing, and M. Jules Simon had little to do except to take notice of the irritation caused in the Chamber by the utterances of some bishops who had seemed to wish to excite France to a crusade. M. Simon explained that the true state of Italy was constantly misrepresented, that what the Pope called his imprisonment was a mere voluntary seclusion, and that Italy faithfully observed the guarantees she had given, but that on the other hand he had no doubt that French bishops would attend to the warnings he had given them. M. Gambetta made a fierce attack on clericalism generally, and the matter passed quietly off. On May 16 a bolt fell from a perfectly blue sky. The Marshal sent for M. Simon and informed him that he was much dissatisfied with his chief Minister for not having combated with sufficient force two Bills relating to the press and the municipalities. M. Simon tendered his resignation, and the Marshal sent him a letter, in which he stated that he was going to discharge his supreme duties to France, and dismissed all his Ministers except Duke Decazes and General Berthaut. The Duke of Broglie and M. de Fourtou came into office, and a reign of terror began. In order to frighten Paris the head of the Municipal Council, M. Bonnet Duverdier, was arrested on evidence which it would be flattery to call dubious. After a month's prorogation the Chamber met, and the majority, mustering in all its strength, voted that the new Ministry was a danger to the country. The Senate, by a majority of 20, voted a dissolution, and the Republican party decided that the 353 who had joined in the final decision should be its candidates at the coming elections. The Marshal sent a message to inform the Legislative Body that he was acting in order that, when 1880 came and his time was over, the country might not be in a disorganized state. It was to control the future of France that he and his advisers were determined to employ every weapon of authority. The Republican party, under the direction of M. Thiers, accepted the challenge, but were scrupulously moderate, and confined themselves within the strictest limits of legality. How much the law was imperilled was evident from the address of the Marshal to the soldiers reviewed at Longchamps, when he expressed his conviction that they would assist him in maintaining order. In the provinces, the efforts made to control the elections, the shutting up of cafés, the restrictions and prosecutions of the press, the bullying of electors, and the wholesale dismissal of functionaries went on in a style worthy of M. de Fourtou, his host of Imperial prefects, and the worst days of the Empire. The death of M. Thiers at the beginning of September deprived the Republicans of their most competent leader, of a great name, and of the only serious rival of the Marshal. But the party never lost heart. The widow of M. Thiers rejected the offer of a public funeral rather than have the political friends of her husband excluded from participation in the ceremony; and although a petty clerical spite refused the use of the Madeleine, the intense silent interest of the whole Paris community in the proceedings to do honour to the man it mourned revealed to the Government how deep-seated, and yet how well regulated, was the opposition it had recklessly provoked. As a legacy to his country, M. Thiers left behind him an elaborate document intended to be addressed to the electors of the arrondissement of Paris for which he had sat, in which he traced with a masterly hand the steps by which those who called themselves Conservatives were throwing France into confusion. As the day of the elections drew near the Marshal grew wilder and wilder. He ordered the electors to return his candidates, and none but his candidates, and vowed that he would never forsake the faithful officials who were carrying out his pleasure with so much energy, while M. Gambetta was prosecuted for saying at Lille that the Marshal must either submit or resign. But it was in vain. The electoral returns showed a Republican majority of one hundred and twenty, and the subsequent elections for members of the Council-General showed that the majority in the Senate would be before long impaired. When the Chamber met under the renewed Presidency of M. Grévy, a motion was at once carried to inquire into the mode in which the elections had been conducted. The Duke of Broglie, however, continued the fight. Duke Decazes resigned, as he had given especial offence by a most imprudent speech at Libourne, in which he had classed the whole Republican party with the Communists; but the First Minister held on, directed his officials to give no answer to the Parliamentary inquiry, and got the Senate to pass an order of the day approving the Ministry for adhering to its Conservative policy. At last he thought it better himself to withdraw from the scene, and a "Ministry of Affairs" was appointed, with which the Chamber refused to have anything to do. The Left had appointed a Committee of Eighteen to watch over its interests, and it went on invalidating election after election of its opponents. In order to seem to yield without yielding, the wire-pullers of the Marshal advised him to send for M. Dufaure and ask him to form a Ministry; but it soon appeared that the Marshal meant to keep in his own hands the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and that of War, to which he had lately appointed a general who had played a prominent part in the *Coup d'Etat* of 1851. M. Du-

faure declined office on these terms, and the Elysée made an expiring effort to form a Ministry after its own heart with M. Batbie at its head. But it became known that the long wavering of the Orleanist senators had terminated in a resolution not to aid in any infraction of the Constitution; and at last quite suddenly—and, it is said, on the urgent remonstrance of M. Pouyer-Quertier—the Marshal turned round, broke altogether with his clique of favourites, commissioned M. Dufaure to form a Ministry as he pleased, and signed a Message in which he specifically recanted every one of the dangerous doctrines on which he had been for months insisting. Peace was restored, France was happy, and could turn itself to business; the Chamber immediately voted enough money for present needs, and every one was free to turn his thoughts to preparations for the coming Exhibition, which is to be the greatest and, it is to be hoped, the last of these wearisome shows.

The alliance of the three Emperors has been maintained throughout the year, and, contrary to expectation, events seem rather to have strengthened than impaired it. Austria has had some internal troubles, as the dispute as to the terms on which Hungary might have a bank of her own led at the beginning of the year to the temporary resignation of M. Tisza, the President of the Hungarian Ministry. But, on the whole, the policy which Count Andrássy and M. Tisza have adopted has received the acquiescence of the nation, and the strong sympathies of Hungary with Turkey have been subordinate to the maintenance of a general policy. Some irritation was possibly felt in the Government circles of Germany by the resolution of Austria to terminate the Treaty of Commerce which offered Germany many advantages. The treaty is, however, to remain in force for a short time in order that an opportunity may be given for a new arrangement; and if the tariffs which Austria has lately announced that she will impose where treaties do not come in the way are of a somewhat Protectionist character, Germany has herself shown signs of relapsing into Protection. The German Parliament ventured on a step said to be unwelcome to Prince Bismarck, in selecting Leipsic instead of Berlin as the seat of the Supreme Court of Appeal. It is announced that Prince Bismarck finds himself thwarted by a Palace coterie which surrounds the aged Emperor, and at any rate the Prince got tired of his work in the spring and resigned, but was persuaded to stay on with an unlimited leave of absence. Whether he is at the baths at Varzin or at Berlin he has the absolute control of the foreign policy of Germany; but what his policy is does not appear, except that every possible attention is shown to the wishes of Russia. His hold on the ordinary German Liberal does not appear to be at all relaxed, and the majority of the Prussian Parliament, which seemed at one time inclined to press for responsible Ministers, municipal reform, and inconvenient information about the Hanoverian fund, subsided into patient good humour when it was found that to be demonstrative would thwart the plans and views of the Prince.

Italy has taken little part in the foreign affairs of Europe, and its Ministry has been completely engaged for months in bringing about its own downfall, partly through the strong-handed proceedings of Signor Nicotera, and partly through the adoption of a convention for working the railways which drove the Minister of Public Works, Signor Zanardelli, to resign, whose resignation was the first stage in a crisis which ended in the resignation of the whole Ministry. Signor Depretis long worked in vain to find another set of colleagues who would give him more effective support, and has now collected round him what is substantially his old Cabinet with the substitution of Signor Crispi for Signor Nicotera. The Pope lives on as cheerful as ever, and has tasted the delights of a prolonged triumph celebrated in his honour by his adherents on the occasion of the fiftieth year of his tenure of the episcopal office. The opposition of the clerical party in Italy to the new kingdom continues unabated, and drove the Ministry into proposing a measure against the priests which was too repressive for a free country, and fortunately was thrown out in the Senate. It may be added that Greece is always and ever on the eve of war, a new Ministry having been appointed under Comandours with a supposed warlike tendency, and a Sacred Legion having been formed at Thebes, but nothing more done of an alarming kind at present. Egypt goes on in its weary way, the Viceroy having thought it his duty or interest to send troops to the war, and thus impoverish himself, but still zealously setting himself to do some sort of justice to his creditors, and having put himself into pleasant relations with the English Government by a new Convention for suppressing the Slave-trade. At the other end of the world Peru has made its name once more known, not by paying its debts, but by raising a curious question of international law. A ship of war, the *Huascar*, having revolted, the Government announced that it would be no more responsible for her doings. As she interfered with English commerce, the English Admiral engaged her and tried to blow her up with a torpedo. Fortunately he did not hurt her; but the Peruvians were loud in their complaints that one of their ships, which was only going through the local custom of an insurrection, should have been treated like a pirate. Perhaps the Admiral was a little too hasty; but the Peruvian Government has not much reason to complain of being taken at its word when it said that it had ceased to have anything to do with the insurgent vessel.

In a year which has seen the death of M. Thiers no other loss has anything like an equal claim on our memory. If he was not great, he was at least the greatest of the Frenchmen of his generation; and he alone of all French politicians who were living at the

time of his death had the views and the eminence of a European statesman. France has also lost in M. Lanfrey an historian who rivalled, and perhaps eclipsed, Thiers; in M. Le Verrier a scientific celebrity whom the discovery of a planet made known to the world; and in Generals Changarnier and Aurelle de Paladines two commanders who upheld the fame of the army in times of difficulty. Dr. Conneau has also passed away from the Imperialist circle to which he devoted a life of unwavering fidelity and scrupulous unselfishness. General literature has had to lament the loss of Mr. Motley, Mr. Warren, Mr. Bagehot, Fernan Caballero, and Lady Stirling-Maxwell. A common fate has carried away men belonging to such different sections of English political life as Mr. Ward Hunt, Mr. Odger, Mr. Frost, Mr. Urquhart, Mr. Morier, and Sir Augustus Clifford. With Lord Justice Mellish one of the finest legal minds was lost to the country, with Sir William Fergusson one of the most acute and highly-trained in scientific surgery, and with Sir Edward Belcher one of the most daring and ardent in Arctic discovery. Philanthropists have mourned that an end has come to the noble energy of Mrs. Chisholm, Miss Carpenter, and Mrs. Nassau Senior. The voice of Titiens which has so long held audiences in every European capital enthralled will sound no more, and the Turf will no more see at its gatherings the Admiral who did so much to settle its disputes and to uphold its character. The familiar form of Von Wrangel, who seemed an embodiment of Prussian history since the beginning of the century, has disappeared from Berlin, Greece has lost an illustrious patriot in Canaris, and death has reminded us that Rosas, Cabrera, and Captain Semmes were all once well known. That Suttie should have been practised at the funeral of Jung Bahadoor called to our recollection that Nepal is still without the pale of British rule, and the end of Brigham Young brought home to the world the astonishing fact that even in the territory of the United States a man could carry on for years a successful career as a saint, a murderer, and a polygamist. Lastly, we may notice that Lady Smith died, having lived for some months after she was 103, and that, as she was a person of sufficient consideration to have all the dates of her life accurately known, this has finally settled the long-standing controversy as to whether human life is ever prolonged to the full span of a century.

CHRISTMAS.

"IF Christmas did not exist, we should have to invent it," is a parody of a well-known saying which must occur at this season to pious Positivists. All festivals are rather trying, but none offers so many opportunities to practise "altruism" as Christmas. A thoroughly selfish and critical man, one who lived to please himself and to help right reason to prevail, would betake himself at Christmas to Constantinople. In Paris, though Christmas is not the season of social taxes and enforced hilarity, New Year's Day is near at hand and throws its shadow before. In Germany we believe that the vast Teutonic race renews its childhood, and that Mother Hertha dances with Arminius round the largest Christmas-tree in the Thuringian Forest. At Constantinople Christmas is very probably the day which the Sultan would select for that indiscriminate massacre of the Giaour which certain rather ardent English partisans of the Porte are wont to advocate in private conversation. These sweet enthusiasts are probably more Turkish than the Turks; but, even if "Christmastide" in Stamboul is not spoiled by a general massacre, it can hardly be kept with effusion, carols, mince-pies, leading articles, mistletoe, railway accidents, and domestic reconciliations. Yet, after all, how few of us do shirk our duties, and, basely preferring our ease to the enjoyment of tradesmen, children, dustmen, postmen, and young ladies, seek refuge from Christmas in Morocco or Madagascar! England, the England of Mr. Dickens and of the illustrated periodicals, expects every man to do his duty.

On the whole, the unselfish task of enduring the severities of Christmas is well, and even valiantly, accomplished. Nothing is spared us by the brutal majority—majorities are always brutal—who find their pleasure and profit in the organized hypocrisy of hilarity. Christmas fills nearly half the year with hints and prophecies of the pains and penalties it has in store. Rousseau used to say that, for him, summer was over after the longest day. Sensible people, if they were ever morbid, might say that Christmas had come for them about the end of August. If they happen to walk through the streets of an English country town they cannot but meet the skirmishers of the enemy, the Uhlands or Cossacks of Christmas. The grocers, with a farseeing imagination for which they too rarely get credit, have filled their windows with placards announcing the formation of "Christmas Clubs." To enter the shop of a grocer, and ask him what a Christmas Club is, requires more courage than is always found in a student of popular customs. When the threatened "Folk-Lore Society" sends forth its publications, we expect to learn that a Christmas Club is, as Aristotle would say, "an association of families and clans in a system of paying by weekly instalments for the sake of perfect and sufficing plum-puddings and mince-pies. And it is to secure this end that there arise in towns family alliances and clubs and public sacrifices and festivals." Whether or not this be the correct definition of a Christmas Club, it is certain that the dread indications of the festive season first appear four months before we are actually compelled to be happy or to flee the country. Signs of the evil to come grow thick in October, when the magazines begin to throw out hints of what

their "Christmas Numbers" are to be. No one who wishes to investigate that difficult subject, the amusements of the English people, can neglect Christmas Numbers, however much he may long to escape this gloomy portion of his task. "Tell me not in Christmas numbers, Life is all good will and ghosts," he may sigh, in imitation of Mr. Longfellow's Young Man whose heart made a series of disjointed remarks to the Psalmist. The authors and publishers of the Annuals insist on taking this unnatural view of the great mundane movement. With malice aforethought, industrious novelists sit down to their Christmas task in July. We might pity them, for Christmas saddens at least half their year. They, however, have no pity on us, and though some one says that the man of taste suffers agonies before he retaliates, he can generally take care of himself when he does begin. The authors of Christmas Numbers are too hardened to be hurt by criticism. They must know that they are writing clap-trap when they ask us to believe in the characters who are frozen up in light-houses, or stopped by the snow in a railway carriage, or assembled in a fine old English hall, where, alas, there is one empty chair. No sensible persons in these last circumstances could begin to tell ghost stories without knowing that a feeble knock would be heard in the house just at the ghostliest hour, that the pallid figure of a long-lost niece would be found straying in the corridors, with her small neglected family waiting outside in the snow, that all would be forgiven, that the children, as in the *Rovers*, would be produced on all sides, and that the drama would end in a general blaze of the brandy which is burned over mince-pies. Fancy this sort of superannuated fiction bound in some threescore different sorts of gaudy covers; fancy Mr. Farjeon, sixty times multiplied, mingling a tear and a laugh, and we have the Christmas Numbers which are born with the roses of July.

The majority which revels in these intellectual delights cannot conscientiously object to being called overbearing. It is, on the other hand, an unscrupulous and restless minority which finds a cruel pleasure in sending out Christmas circulars. If it were not for the glaring monograms and the smell of musk, Christmas circulars might be mistaken for letters; and probably few people have escaped opening one or two. A teacher encloses a card, in which he avers that, "with an eye to the exigencies of the festive season, he has opened a dancing-school for the Nobility and Gentry." Imagine the Nobility and Gentry, whose education has been too long neglected, suddenly awakened to a sense of their condition by the study of a Christmas Number. Mr. Dickens's misers, City men and others, used always to experience this sort of interesting conversion. They rushed into the streets; they bought turkeys, chucked girls under the chin—a sign of saving grace—thumped strangers on the back, and danced at the evening parties of their poor relations. Can it be true that this sort of genial awakening is so usual that dancing classes have to be arranged to meet the wants of the serious Nobility and the cynical Gentry? There is no end to Christmas circulars. One enterprising tradesman advertises his cheap Yule Logs. He has some lots of "old church oak," and does not know how to get rid of the sacred timbers. Is it possible that restoration has come to this? When the beautiful old chapel of a certain college was destroyed some years ago to make room for an edifice in the streaky pink and white style, the old panelling was not sold for yule logs, and it has been since found highly ornamental. Other examples of "old church oak" from other chapels decorate private houses. Surely it is rather hasty to dispose of this sort of property to supply the Yule Log of the suburban villa. The Yule Champagne and the Yule Port are probably at this moment being despatched by clever wine merchants to curates who have not ordered these liquors. After the wine has been accepted as an anonymous present, and drunk to the health of the generous donor, the surviving members of the curate's family will receive a little bill. The port will turn out to be "our very curious tawny at twenty-four shillings." This is the latest of the little compliments of the season which the genial British shopkeeper pays his friends. Thus not even poor men are safe from presents at the festive season, though the rich, as is natural, receive a vast number of articles which they do not need. *Habenti dabitur*. Men of middle fortune, from whom no relation can expect a return, and whom no tradesman can hope to take in by a transparent trick, are alone left out in the cold. They do not even receive Christmas cards, and, if Christmas-boxes were abolished, they would have little to complain of.

Though it is well to learn patience, and to submit to a variety of tortures for the profit of our fellow-creatures, the world would put down the festive season if publishers, grocers, and stationers were the only people interested in keeping it alive. Children are their unconscious partners in the conspiracy, and who will grudge them their pleasures? They see the smooth side of Christmas. To them snap-dragon is still a doubtful joy, ghost stories are a pastime with a shadow of dread, presents are treasures indeed, and snow brings a fairy land of beauty and of rare amusements. To the world at large snow is almost the most dreaded element in the delights of the season; presents are gifts of the Greeks, ghost stories are more than twice told. A few years ago these things were all delightful; and the real reason why we wish to sleep through Christmas, or to run away to pagan lands, is merely this—that we dislike being reminded of "all the heavy change." Christmas is the skeleton at the year's feast, and he does not look more jolly because he is crowned with holly and bears a punchbowl in his claws.

THE CONDITIONS OF MODERN PREACHING.

IN a quiet and remote old country town may still be heard now and then on a market-day, preceded by its warning bell, the slow and measured monotone of the town-crier; and the passing stranger, if his years have reached the later summer or the autumn of their course, will pause to listen to the once familiar sound, in which he finds both a memory and a history, not heeding what may chance to be the immediate matter to which his attention is summoned. Probably this is not much; a favourite dog has strayed, some modest trinket has been lost, or a local tradesman is advertising his newly-arrived wares for customers born before the Education Department had its being; but the ear of the listener is for the notes, not for the words. The same notes had echoed in those old streets in the days when the Market Cross was there, and had survived its destruction; and as we stand on the steps of the Telegraph Office, looking out into the Market square, and waiting till the "It is coming now" of the young lady within shall concentrate our thoughts on the needles which she is watching, we remember how once the old town-crier outside was a power in English life. Something of the same sense of parallelism and contrast may have been awakened when, in a London "hamlet" of a hundred thousand population, the Ascension Day procession to beat the bounds was headed by the surveyor to the Vestry, bearing his "Plan" on the twenty-four inch scale; or when on the Essex coast, at the audit of some venerable Corporation, the steward of the manor caused proclamation to be made at an open door, warning various absent and unpaying tenants of pains and losses impending, while no living thing stood between the speaker and the Continental shore save a hen maternally scratching for her surrounding brood. It is only to superficial observation that such survivals as these can in any way appear grotesque; and the humble town-crier of the rural market-place has a position in English domestic history as distinct as that which belongs to the great State functionary who proclaims at Westminster the accession of a sovereign. The old order and the new are standing side by side; and if in other spheres of experience the old order, while still remaining in its forms, has passed through material changes in the degree and extent of its actual influence on life, the typical illustration which we have offered may be accepted without any suggestion of disparagement. It represents the gradually lessening force of a law which was originally universal; the law under which mind communicates with mind, and knowledge is conveyed and received, by means of the two faculties of speech and hearing. The old order changes as the voice and the ear are supplemented and aided by the hand and the eye; and this change has penetrated the whole system of modern life. To state the proposition in these terms may seem the mere utterance of a truism; but in its corollaries it may cross the lines of popular tradition in directions which do not appear at first sight. If in our day written words communicate thought in a measure which spoken words cannot fill, the relative position of oral instruction cannot be as prominent as in the time when it almost or altogether occupied the whole field; and that which is true in the more secular provinces of literary, scientific, and philosophical knowledge must hold good in the province of theology also. The pulpit and the chair in this respect must stand on the same ground. No doubt the absolute influence which the voice exercises, and the numbers of the audiences which the speaker commands, are greater than ever, but the question is one of relative, and not of absolute, power. In a wider sense than that which the customary terms of ecclesiastical history convey, the scripture occupies a large proportion of the space which formerly belonged to the prophet alone. And this consideration must materially affect any discussion of the present relation of what is technically called preaching to the highest education and life of the world in our day.

We have no intention of taking up the hackneyed question of the general excellence or dullness of modern sermons; nor are we disposed to enter the lists with those religious dogmatists, if any such remain, who assert a peculiar and exceptional authority for the "ordinance of preaching"—that is, for religious instruction conveyed to a congregation assembled for public worship by the minister in his official character. Our object is rather to measure, if possible, the mental relation between the ordinary preacher and the ordinary hearer as it now exists, in comparison with the same relation as it was known at a period not very long past. Such a comparison is suggested by two groups of literary material now before us. Of these the more recent is a volume of lectures delivered during the present year to the theological students of Yale University in America by one of the leaders of English Nonconformity, Mr. Dale of Birmingham; the older is a collection of notes and reports of Nonconformist sermons as they were preached to ordinary congregations, copied in the careful penmanship of their time by men engaged in the daily round of business life. The obvious thought which will first occur to the commercial descendants of the writers, as they look through the faded pages of manuscript, is that they could find no time now for any labour of the kind. Nor could they usefully so employ the time if they had it; and the reason is not far off. The subjects which are daily calling for the application of their own intellectual powers are largely multiplied; and the relation of the preacher whose sermons they hear to the whole province of theological and religious thought as they know it is very greatly changed as they compare the present time with the past. The field of vision is enlarged all round; and the preachers of any particular parish or

congregation occupy a much smaller space upon it, to the great advantage of themselves and of every one concerned.

"Sacerdotalism" is a long word, and is very conveniently employed by a good many people who do not understand it to express something which they do understand and do not much like. This something is a very ordinary human infirmity exhibited in a certain assumption of superiority to the rest of mankind by spoiled children, and not less by older persons encouraged and accustomed by their surroundings to think a great deal of themselves. The younger clergy are generally supposed to be peculiarly liable to this weakness, which has a tendency to become chronic; and experience does not bear out the theory that the imposition of episcopal hands is its producing cause, since it is found in as close affinity to Voluntary as to Established systems. Mr. Dale is too experienced a man of the world to be ignorant of this, and too outspoken in the plain, common-sense way of putting things which is so attractive in these lectures, to be at all afraid of speaking his mind. It is probably owing to the spirit of courteous deference with which he approaches an American audience that he has failed, as we think, to tell his hearers plainly that ministers, younger or older, are not the superior persons that they are apt to imagine themselves; and that he has allowed himself to adopt much of the traditional tone in describing their office which may only confirm them in the mistake. We mention this point of criticism without unduly pressing it, since it may fairly be replied that Mr. Dale's good-humoured satire on points of characteristic detail, and his eloquent exaltation of the dignity of secular callings in life, imply the lessons which he does not directly enforce. Indeed there is no part of his work more excellent, both in its matter and its style, than the division of the eighth lecture, which deals with moral teaching and the sacredness of secular work. The lecturer must, however, forgive the passing suggestion that a young pastor had better not transfer to his sermon-notes an attractive passage touching "the life of the jeweller," unless he is quite sure that trade is very prosperous and the last balance-sheets of his congregation exceptionally favourable. He says, "The husband brings home the costly bracelet, and as the wife clasps it on her arm she is happy that after twenty years of marriage her husband's heart clings to her still. The child puts on her necklet, and thinks less of the pearls than of the dear love of the father who has given them to her." The beaming glances rewarding the young preacher from the upper end of the pew would scarcely, we suspect, shine equally from the corner next the door. It is more likely that the varying yet consistent expression of the two lines of shrewd experienced faces fringing the aisles would give promise of much the same reception for the preacher as Mr. Dale might himself expect could a conference of English Nonconformist ministers of a former day revisit the earth to sit in judgment on his American lectures. Whether the architecture of "Carr's Lane" bears witness to the developed ritual of later Congregationalism we do not know; but many of the utterances of its present minister might in their way perplex as sorely the minds of those bygone worthies as would the sight of a cathedral of modern Voluntaryism, whose lofty spire completely dwarfs the ancient tower of the mother-church of East London close by. The lectures from which we have quoted closes with some very vigorous pages on the subject of public duty, in which the lecturer even ventures to anticipate a time "when men who refuse to vote will be subjected to Church discipline, like men who refuse to pay their debts."

A companion picture to this essay deserves a passing notice. One of the volumes of manuscript sermon-notes now before us bears the label of an Exeter bookseller, and begins in February 1810. The writer was a young country manufacturer on a business journey, then just twenty-one; a keen observer and an ardent politician throughout a long life, in which he was known in his borough and county as an active public man. It is certainly through no omission of his that in a series of careful reports of sermons during the whole of 1810 and the greater part of 1811, as well as in later notes of 1813 and 1814, there is not found the slightest reference or allusion to public affairs, to the Peninsular War, to home politics, or to current events of any kind. And this volume is no limited or unfair specimen of the Nonconformist parochial (if we may use the term) sermons of the time. The discourses in question were preached in various parts of England by many different men—by settled ministers, by young students, by "strangers" of repute; yet the absence of any local or contemporary interest pervades the whole series, and is only broken in one instance by a statement that "this city (Exeter) is, above all others I know, marked by a hatred to Evangelical religion," and in another by the expression of an opinion against the teaching of arithmetic in Sunday schools, while instruction in writing is approved. No trace of Dissenting polemics and no reference to an Established Church can be found in the series; and a single mention of the "two thousand Ejected Ministers" is introduced only to claim them as adherents of a leading doctrine of Evangelical theology. An almost rigid uniformity of structure characterizes the whole as literary compositions; but they were at least original. A quarter of a century later their transcriber's son, bringing home at the holidays, in his turn, neatly filled manuscript books of his private tutor's (not Nonconformist) discourses, had the pleasure of finding them already on his father's shelves in volumes by the late Mr. Bradley of Clapham, and by another well-known preacher, still living and a prebendary of St. Paul's.

An earlier set of manuscripts supplies a proof that, if there were

"painful" preachers in the reign of George II., they had also "painful" hearers to address. These volumes, which bear evident marks of much use in Sunday evening readings, belong to the period limited by that reign, and are throughout in the handwriting of an earlier head of the same manufacturing house. Careful as was the work of the grandson, it is not to be compared with the laborious zeal of the grandfather, who wrote from shorthand notes, and who appears in the earlier sermons of the collection to have copied from those of his father. That the shorthand reporting of these old local sermon-hearers would not discredit the best Parliamentary work of our own day is shown by the comparison of a long passage in one of these sermons—preached in 1738—with its quotation by another manufacturer of the town, whose "Diary," undeciphered for sixty years after his death, was of some note among religious biographies when published in 1815. Nearly a thousand quarto pages, in a minute and clear hand of the type lately known as "Palmerstonian," remain out of a series which was originally at least twice as large, to attest the value which was attached to preaching by thoughtful men of the middle class in the eighteenth century; and these sermons, almost entirely addressed to the Nonconformist congregation of one small manufacturing town, had evidently been prepared with a care not unworthy of the attention they received. The same silence on public affairs, and the same absence of controversy, are observable in the earlier as in the later group; while reference to local subjects appears only in the elaborate funeral sermons then customary. A single exception brings out with startling effect an incident of the religious life of the time. A "Whitsun Lecture," indexed as "Mr. Ranold's sermon on 7 Revelation 13 verse," had attracted the young reporter—the date was probably about 1752, when he was not yet twenty—to some meeting-house in the neighbouring Black Country; and there he heard words of which the rush and fire live in his nervous writing, which evidently and happily represents the original just as it was spoken. With a rough prepared outline as its basis, sentences and words being left to the inspiration of the moment; the meaning clear even where the construction is not; uncritical, but not illiterate; passionate in its fervour, yet simple and familiar in its personal appeals; and with a vividness of local colouring in its close, it is so striking that we venture to give it as it stands:—

Come, join this company; why should you not be of it? . . . and when the question is asked in heaven, Who are these and whence came they? the question may be answered, These came from sinful Dudley and Guornal, and the country thereabouts; and these came from riotous Wolverhampton and Bromidge [West Bromwich], and the country thereabouts; and these came from scottish Stowerbridge and Swinford, and the neighbourhood thereabouts . . . and you will be a wonder when you come to heaven.

The conditions of life which surround the preaching of our own day have made it both impossible and unnecessary that the weekly sermon should occupy as prominent a position or as large a share of attention as it did in the lives of a former generation. In stating such a proposition in general terms we have no intention of depreciating either the importance or the power of the ordinary modern pulpit; but the historical contrast which we have presented attests a fact of experience, which lecturers, students, and clergy will do well alike to bear in mind, that the conditions and circumstances of preaching are subject to continual change.

ALBRECHT VON HALLER.

ARISTOCRATIC Bern has not unfitly been called the practical city of the Swiss Confederation. It has produced a fair number of able statesmen and warriors, and has always been foremost in Swiss diplomacy and fighting, but it has been comparatively poor in eminent scholars. For the last few months, however, Bern has been making praiseworthy efforts for the adequate celebration of the centenary of the death of its most widely known son, probably the only native Berner to whom every civilized nation ungrudgingly allows the dignity of greatness—the second "Albertus Magnus," Albrecht von Haller, eminent alike as physician, botanist, geologist, pioneer in almost every physical science, Christian apologist, poet, Alpine explorer, and philological scholar. The perception of Haller's peculiar greatness seems in a measure to have been thrust upon the Swiss mind from without. For some time past the Swiss have heard Germans, Italians, and Englishmen speak of the old Berner professor and statesman as "the father of physiology," and even as "the second Aristotle." Indeed, only last year, when the notion of a Haller-fest was possibly a wish rather than a purpose, Dr. Baas of Stuttgart, in his *Abriss der Geschichte der Medizin*, speaking of the wide range and richly suggestive value of Haller's services to the physical sciences, said that he deserved to have an historian entirely to himself, "wie Aristoteles, wohl nur ein ebenbürtiger Geist." Haller himself was a kind of universal citizen. The Emperor Francis I. made him a noble of the Empire; the sympathetic Emperor Joseph II. visited him in that character; he was physician to George II. of England, and a Privy Councillor in his German dominions. Frederick the Great tried to secure him for Prussia, and Catharine II. for Russia; Prince Radzivil, the commander of the Polish confederates, sent him the brevet of a major-general. The Universities of Europe were as eager as the monarchs to obtain possession of him. In 1745 he declined invitations from Oxford and Utrecht; in 1750, and again in 1755, he refused the Chancellorship of Halle and the superintendence of the academies of Prussia; in 1767 he with-

stood splendid temptations from Russia; and in 1770 he rejected the Chancellorship of Göttingen, although George III. wrote not only to Haller himself, but even to his fellow-members of the Great Council of Bern, entreating them to use all their influence to persuade him to compliance. Mr. Carlyle, in the last book of his *Frederick the Great*, hastily thrusts Haller aside in his too off-hand way. He has occasion to mention him in describing an interview between his hero and Haller's admiring scholar, Zimmermann, the author of the book on Solitude. When the King asks, "What is Haller doing now?" Mr. Carlyle steps between the speakers, and inserts the parenthetical aside, "The great Haller is dreadfully forgotten already."

The intention of the citizens of Bern to carry out a suggestion of the Swiss Naturforschende Gesellschaft by keeping a Haller festival on the anniversary of Haller's death (December 12, 1777), was communicated early in the present year to the Universities and learned Societies of the Continent; and the contribution of articles for a Haller Exhibition was requested from all societies and persons in possession of the relics, manuscripts, collections, or portraits of the famous Berner. The answer to this invitation has proved that Haller is very far indeed from being forgotten—at all events, in those specially scientific circles which Mr. Carlyle is rightly or wrongly supposed to hold in no great regard. The flood of Haller-literature which has appeared, and the number of Haller-relics despatched to Bern during the interval between the announcement and the celebration of the centenary, have taken even the projectors by surprise. The official *Denkschrift*, drawn up by a selected committee of scholars, fairly corresponds to its intention—the "orientation" of general readers on the claims of Haller to the respect of the present generation. Dr. Emil Blösch, in an article of 40 pages, has provided a pithy summary of the leading facts in Haller's life. He was born at Bern, of a patrician family, on the 16th of October, 1708. He received his early schooling in his native city. Although he was a sickly child, he soon earned renown as a prodigy. We recollect that his friend Zimmermann, when speaking of Haller's continual illness in boyhood, notices that extraordinary physical weakness has sometimes proved favourable to the rapid development of great mental powers. At the age of eight the child had drawn up for himself a conspectus of the comparative value of quasi-synonymous words in German and "Wälsch" (French, Italian, and Latin), and had compiled nearly two thousand biographies of eminent men; in his ninth year he was able to read the New Testament in the Greek; and at the age of ten he had composed a quantity of Latin and German poems, including a Latin satire upon his master. His father, a Berner lawyer of some repute, intended Albrecht to become a clergyman; but an acquaintance with a physician at Biel seems to have disclosed to Haller a glimpse of his true calling. He left Bern in 1722, and spent the next seven years in study at Tübingen, where he lived with the anatomist Duverney, at Leyden, to which he was attracted by the fame of Boerhaave, and at Basel, where he read mathematics with Bernoulli. From 1729 to 1736 he resided in Bern as physician and author, but in the latter year he accepted a call from George II. to the newly-founded University of Göttingen as professor of medicine, anatomy, surgery, and botany. In 1753 he was seized with an invincible Swiss *Heimweh*, and returned to his native city, where, in spite of a most flattering series of entreaties from monarchs and universities, he remained until his death in 1777.

The other contributors to the *Denkschrift* treat of some of the specific applications to which Haller directed his fertile and almost universal genius. Professor Ludwig Hirzel deals with Haller's "Significance as Poet"; Dr. A. Valentin unfolds his "Contributions in the Province of the Medical Sciences"; Professor L. Fischer deals with his work as a botanist; and Professor Buchmann gives a sketch of Haller's activity in the direction of mineralogical and geognostic studies. The *Denkschrift* closes with a truly amazing catalogue of the works of Haller, arranged under the heads of anatomical, physiological and pathological, botanical, poetical, moral, political, apologetic, and general science and utility. Senebier gave a list of two hundred published treatises which had issued from Haller's restless pen during the half century from 1727 to 1777, between his nineteenth year and his death; but it has long been known that this catalogue was not nearly complete.

During his student years Haller was a great traveller; his facility for acquiring languages, and his remarkable geniality, joined to his capacity for conversation on almost every topic, procured him friends at a very early age in most of the great centres of politics and scholarship. He took the degree of doctor at the age of nineteen, and immediately afterwards visited England and France in order to make himself personally acquainted with their foremost surgeons and anatomists. By his zealous pursuit of anatomical studies in Paris he brought himself under the suspicion of implication with body-snatchers, and he was obliged to leave that city hurriedly. In England he introduced himself to Sir Hans Sloane and Cheselden. His pleasure-journeys in the Alps with his friend Gessner gave origin at the same time to his great botanical work and to his once famous poem *Die Alpen*. Here also he was a pioneer. These journeys have procured him in our generation an addition to his former titles. "The Father of Alpine Study" was the honourable designation under which his memory was toasted by the representatives of the Austrian Alpine Club and the Austrian Tourist Club at the festival. It is very rare to find an intellect in which width of range and patient exactness of grasp are so singularly united as they were in Haller. It was his

principle that everything knowable, however mean it may seem at first, must be worth knowing. Michaelis said of him, "He left nothing unexplored, either in heaven, or in the earth, or in the sea; and his capacity in each direction corresponded so exactly to its aim, that he seemed to have been born to pursue that specific object of study which engaged him for the moment." He even read thousands of plays, and his memory was so complete that he is said to have retained a precise recollection of the plots and characters of every one of them. He would return home from his civil duties in the Senate of his native Republic to sit down to his extraordinarily extensive correspondence, in which he was scrupulously punctual, and would write in easy sequence letters in German, in English, in French, in Italian, and in Latin. His acquaintance with modern languages was not confined to their literary forms; he had the zeal of a philologist for their dialectic and idiomatic varieties, and it is said that not only in Switzerland, but in Germany, France, and Italy, he was able to talk with native peasants in their respective local *patois*. We presume that it is the Haller-fest which has suggested the promised re-issue of Haller's poems. No one would think of reprinting his romances; and we imagine that it will hardly be possible to rekindle much enthusiasm for his poetical *Theodiceen* on the origin of evil, or even for his once famous *Die Alpen*, which was translated into other languages, and is now claimed as having given the first effective impulse to foreign tourists to visit Switzerland for the sake of its mountain scenery. Indeed on this ground the promoters of the Haller-stipend for scientific students ask, either in fun or seriousness, for large contributions from the great hotelkeepers. It is certain that all the modern historians of German literature have given an important place to the great physiologist as one of the liberators of German poetry from its Egyptian captivity. This is no doubt due in great part to the warm praise of Goethe. He made the remark that Haller's extraordinary scientific fame procured a hearing for his poetry which it might not have procured for itself, and that he assisted pre-eminently in giving a death-blow to the then fashionable "windige Gelegenheitsreimerei." Lindemann places the name of the Swiss physiologist first in the list of those poets who assisted at the new birth of the German muse. Vilmar is even more emphatic; he asserts the right of Haller to be considered a morning star of German poetry as the beginner of the new age, and not as a point of transition from the old to the new. The name of "Baron Haller" frequently occurs in English literary and theological correspondence of the later half of the eighteenth century. It is interesting to Englishmen to learn that Haller traced his literary new birth and his aversion to the then fashionable "Reimerei" of the Germans to the effect produced upon him by his study of English literature during his visit to our land in his nineteenth year. Until he became acquainted with the works of "the earnest Englishmen," as he called our poets, he had always "worked in the chains of the Lohenstein school"; but the reading of Dryden and Pope inspired him to turn the flow of his own gift into new channels and to mould it into new forms. It was in England, he says, that he learned that "Poetry has other business than the ingenious excogitation of novel tropes and metaphors; whether moral or philosophical, or even descriptive, the culture of the national life is a part of its proper task."

FOREIGN HOTELS.

THAT hotels are far better managed abroad than at home is a general and in some respects a well-founded impression. There was a time indeed when the excellence of English inns was a fundamental article in an Englishman's simple creed. Good fare and good wine, it was thought, were always offered by them, the only drawback being the long bills which were certain to be presented; but even these were regarded as being, in some sort, the penalty for over-much enjoyment. A carouse at a tavern was one of the straightforward and well-defined pleasures of the last century; and, seeing the enormous quantity of wine which was drunk when men met for the purpose of enjoying themselves, as they very frequently did, it can hardly be doubted that what was supplied at taverns was then very different from what is now to be found at them, or surely no human constitution could have withstood the effects of drinking four bottles at a sitting. Certain it is that the innkeeper has now long lost the place which he once held in public esteem. Dickens, an admirable exponent of the common opinion in such matters as these, delighted to gird in his later writings at the old-established hotel. Foreign hotels, on the contrary, have often been spoken of as models of good arrangement and comfort, and probably the general belief now is that they are so much better than English inns as scarcely to admit of comparison with them. Better they certainly are; but then the foreign landlord has considerable advantages over his English brother, and he is in some respects quite as great a sinner. The more a man travels, the more he becomes conscious of the many misdeeds of his hosts, and the more painfully aware of the large amount of discomfort which is hidden behind the apparent gorgeousness of the great modern hotel. A few months of existence in places which look like so many palaces leave him often as much discontented with the treatment he has received as the home traveller who storms at the bad fare and high charges which have spoilt his trip, and sighs for the comfort and cheapness which are to be found abroad.

One obvious advantage which the foreign landlord has consists in the very large amount of custom which he gets, owing to the enormous number of travellers who now throng the Continent. To use mercantile slang, his "turn over" is much greater than that of the innkeeper in our own country. Not only are there the huge crowds of English who yearly wander through Europe, but the Americans now come in great hosts, and, finding the charges low compared with those they are accustomed to at home, sometimes with national amiability express their astonishment at the moderation which prevails, earning thereby much gratitude from other travellers, as need hardly be said. The Germans also travel much more than they did. The foreign landlord has then, to no limited extent, the first and most essential requisite for the successful transaction of any kind of business. He has a very large custom with people perfectly able to pay. How does he treat his customers? Well in some respects, very badly in others; but for what he does well let him have full credit. He offers in many cases a stately abode to those who come to lodge with him. The trade is one in which considerable capital may now be advantageously invested, and capital has not been wanting. At the principal places on the frequented lines of travel in Europe huge edifices have been erected which seem to offer luxury to those who can afford to pay for it, comfort to those of less degree. Considerable administrative capacity is required to manage these enormous establishments, and this has not been required in vain. The service is usually tolerable; the bills, as a rule, are accurate; and in some matters a good deal of attention has been devoted to providing for the traveller's comfort. He finds the hotel omnibus and commissionaire at the station, and is possibly saved much trouble there. Equal care to preserve him from annoyance is shown at his departure. Indeed one of the great innkeepers on the Rhine has set the example, which probably will be followed by other landlords, of making arrangements with the Railway Companies by which the traveller is enabled to take his ticket and to register his luggage at the hotel. Then what is to many the most important feature in the Continental system, the table-d'hôte, still retains its old importance; indeed, owing to the easy standard of comparison which it offers, the character of an hotel often to a great extent depends on it, and the fault of a table-d'hôte is frequently the not unpleasant one of profusion. In some respects, then, the traveller of our days is well cared for, and has as little reason as may be to complain.

But nevertheless the result of the modern system is not satisfactory, and life at foreign hotels is, as a rule, anything but pleasant; for, if the landlord does his duty in some respects, he falls lamentably short of it in others. Who does not remember how deceptive those stately palaces have sometimes proved, and what cold comfort has been found within their lofty and imposing walls? How dreary often is the fate of the traveller, when, after one of the long Continental railway journeys, he enters a large city for the first time. He has waded through that part of his guide-book which tells him where to seek food and lodging, and has experienced no small difficulty in deciding which inn is best suited to him where many seem to merit so much praise. Shall he go to that which is "clean, comfortable, and well managed"; to that which is "most comfortable and well managed"; to that which is "clean and good, with an excellent cook"; to that which is "comfortable in every respect"; or to that which is "comfortable and well situated." It is not easy to decide, but it seems to him that he cannot in any case go far amiss, and he makes up his mind. He is saved some trouble at the station, and, when he arrives at the resting-place he has chosen, everything seems for the best in the best of all possible worlds. He is shown into a handsome and well-lighted hall, whence rises an imposing staircase. There steps forward to greet him, not indeed the landlord, whom he probably will not see at any time, but a most urbane secretary or manager, who receives him with a bow and smile suggestive at once of deference and welcome. The traveller asks for a room; he can have one certainly. A few words are exchanged with a subordinate, who leads the way upstairs. The first floor is passed, so is the second; at the third the traveller hopes for rest, but does not find it; the servant in front of him continues to ascend, and lands him at the fourth floor, which is close, marked by general untidiness, and perfumed by a rich smell of tobacco. Several open doors show an uninviting disarray, and in the distance are heard the mingled oaths and laughter of some couriers who are playing at cards. The traveller indignantly remonstrates. His wife is with him, and she cannot possibly stop in such a part of the house; and a long discussion with the servant, who vows there are no rooms vacant in any other story, ends in an appeal to the secretary, who, however, is very different from the bland personage of a few minutes ago. This gentleman contracts for a bow and smile to each guest on arrival, but there his courtesy ends; and if people expect more than he is paid to give them, it is their fault, not his. At first he drily says that he has nothing but what has been offered; but, if he sees that the guest is determined to go unless better treated, he suddenly remembers that there is a room vacant on the second floor. He has, in fact, been following the regular tactics of his business, which are to fill, first of all, those rooms which are not really fit to be let at all. This question settled, however, tribulation may still be in store for the traveller when he reaches the *salle à manger*. The table-d'hôte at which he could have dined cheaply and well is over, and his timid demand for dinner—probably made in bad French to a German head-waiter who speaks excellent English—may get him what is required, but is as likely as not to be answered by the

production of the bill of fare in which the cheapness of the table-d'hôte is very terribly avenged. Terror seizes on the unhappy guest as he remembers that dreadful little folio of the Paris restaurant with its host of unknown dishes; but the head-waiter's manner shows that he is not to be trifled with, and, after a struggle, dinner is ordered. Bewildered by the *carte*, the traveller probably orders half as much, or twice as much, as is wanted, and at a later period, when he gets the bill, he will find his fare has been extremely dear; but it is not bad, though the wine which accompanies it is probably execrable. Dinner over, early rest after a long journey is probably required, and the bedroom is found to be comfortable enough; but it is also found to communicate with the adjoining one by a large door, through which sound passes easily, and for a long time sleep is made impossible by an animated conversation in the next room. In the morning the traveller's views as to the comfort of a foreign hotel are probably by no means cheerful; but even now he has not gone through the most trying time, which is that of departure, especially after a stay of several days. He has paid a somewhat exorbitant bill, which has included a considerable charge for attendance and for portage, but he finds that every servant in the house who has had anything to do with him expects a fee. A groom of the chambers and one or two chambermaids glare at him on the upper floor, and downstairs he finds, besides the head-porter who really is entitled to something, the luggage-porters and the coffee-room waiters in a strong phalanx. It is true that nobody asks for anything, but foreign servants have learnt the lesson which their brethren in English country houses took to heart long ago, that the mute appeal is the most effective. Perhaps the traveller is firm and does not yield; but if he has the required resolution, he still goes away with the uncomfortable feeling that, after paying amply for everything, he is looked upon as a very shabby fellow.

The recollections of many wanderers will tell them that this is no fancy picture of the woes of a foreign hotel; some would perhaps add that there is a worse evil than any of those which have been described—namely, the very high prices which are now so commonly charged. But to this the innkeeper might fairly make answer that it is a mere question of market value; that he charges the highest price he can get for what he provides, in the same way as a merchant charges the highest price he can get for his goods, and that it would be absurd to expect a man to make less money than that which can legitimately be made in his trade. Such an answer would not be unreasonable; but surely the innkeeper, charging highly and realizing an enormous profit, might treat his customers fairly, and this he certainly cannot be said to do. What, for instance, can exceed the discomfort which has been referred to, caused by the single doors of communication between all the bedrooms? People often have, whether they like it or not, to hear all the conversation of their neighbours, and to converse themselves with the knowledge that every word they utter can be overheard. Double doors would remedy the evil; but where are they to be found? Then, to name another evil, could not the innkeeper, as a mere matter of mercantile prudence, be content with 100 or 150 per cent. profit on his wine, and at this rate of gain supply his guests fairly well? He assuredly does not do so; but perhaps here greed has defeated itself. The marked abstinence with regard to wine which may be observed at any Continental table-d'hôte is to be in part attributed to the dearth and badness of what is supplied, and the gouty and dyspeptic Englishman who finds himself greatly better after six weeks abroad probably owes much of his improved condition to the short-sighted avarice which has removed every possible temptation to excess. If, however, his health is improved, his temper is likely to suffer from the constant struggle of the servants for fees, which has become of late so great a nuisance that some landlords are said to have attempted to remedy it by forbidding their servants to accept anything, the prices of the rooms being raised in proportion. Inasmuch as attendance has always been charged for, it is difficult to see how the latter proceeding can be justified; and probably before long the servants will struggle unchecked for fees as before, while the prices of the rooms will certainly not be lowered.

For the barrack-like nature of the great modern hotel the landlord cannot be made responsible. Big establishments are required where formerly small ones were sufficient, and big establishments will always, despite paint and gilding, have much of the barrack about them. But, though large hotels are now a necessity, it is impossible not to regret the homely little inn of other days, with its genial landlord who made it a point to know each of his guests, and did not consider them as merely so many numbers. As it is, in the cold grandeur of the huge modern edifice, the traveller is made painfully aware after a time that he is looked upon merely as prey, that every man's hand is against him, and that, from the stately manager to the luggage varlet, all are thinking merely of how much money they can get out of him.

FREE KIRK ULTRAMONTANISM.

IT is a trite proverb that extremes meet, but one which is constantly receiving fresh and unlooked for illustrations. That there is much in common between the extreme forms of Ultramontanism and of Protestantism will hardly be denied, though neither party would be willing to admit so unwelcome a parallel.

More than one modern writer has specially emphasized this point in relation to Scotch Presbyterianism. Mr. Buckle in a well-known passage draws out the "striking similarity" between Spain and Scotland in superstition, bigotry, and intolerance. "Both nations," he insists, "have allowed their clergy to exercise immense sway, and both have submitted their actions, as well as their consciences, to the authority of the Church." Elsewhere he compares Scotland and Sweden for bigotry, superstition, contempt for the religion of others, and an habitual spirit of persecution. Mr. Lecky in the same way points out that "Protestantism has persecuted not so atrociously but quite as generally as Catholicism," and he adds that one of the first fruits of the triumph of the Reformation in Scotland was a very severe law for the suppression of Catholic worship. John Knox maintained that those guilty of "idolatry"—which included "the whole rabble of the Papistical clergy"—ought to be put to death. The Presbyterians urged the Parliament in 1643 to punish with perpetual imprisonment "all who taught Popish, Arminian, Antinomian, Baptist, or Quaker doctrines," or otherwise denied "the fundamentals" of Christianity. Even the gentle and tolerant Baxter denounced universal toleration as "soul-murder," for, inasmuch as "Popery, Mahometanism, infidelity and heathenism are the way of damnation," the liberty to preach and practise these systems "is the way to men's damnation." There is not much to choose in this matter between a Torquemada and a Mucklewraith. Their theology in most respects may be wide as the poles asunder, but the duty of imposing it at the sword's point is a theological tenet which they hold in common. We are far of course from meaning to insinuate that such a doctrine is advocated—personal eccentricities apart—by the most fervent Puritan or Ultramontane of the present day. But the illustration it affords of their common sympathies may help to explain a remarkable document issued last week by a section of the Free Kirk ministers, which shows that on a very broad question of principle—the due relations of Church and State—the Free Kirk virtually echoes the claims of the Vatican. All theories of Church and State are indeed, "in the abstract," to use a favourite Scotch phrase, reducible to three. Either the Church must be supreme over the State, or the State supreme over the Church, or the two powers must be independent of one another. But there is this practical difficulty about the third alternative, of "a free Church in a free State," that the interests or pretensions of the rival authorities are constantly coming into collision, and, as there is no third party to arbitrate between them, one or the other must necessarily prevail. And hence, unless some *modus vivendi* can be established to their mutual satisfaction, the three theories are in practice reduced to two. Not of course that either theory is usually affirmed in so many words, but that one or the other claimant asserts its superiority in act, in the last resort. The Scottish Establishment has always in terms repudiated the royal supremacy, and the Free Kirk broke off from it more than thirty years ago because it considered the famous Auchterarder case to involve a virtual submission to that supremacy.

The controversy has now entered on a new phase. Our readers will remember that two or three years ago Parliament abolished lay patronage in the Established Kirk, thereby removing the original grievance which led to the disruption. It was hoped by many that a measure which at the time would certainly have averted the breach would even now heal it. Why should not the two Churches, which do not profess to differ in a single iota of doctrine, reunite their forces, when the one cause of separation was removed? To be sure, in private life, friends who have quarrelled are not always reconciled when the ground of quarrel is removed. But here are two great religious bodies, agreeing in all their doctrines, and whose division materially weakens what both alike must consider to be the cause of true religion in Scotland. There was, we are aware, an earlier schism which has never yet been healed, but the "United Presbyterians" separated from the Establishment on a question of principle, holding—with most English Dissenters—the union of Church and State to be absolutely unlawful. The Free Kirk on the contrary declares the union of Church and State to be the only right and normal condition of things, but it judged the terms of union imposed or exemplified by the Auchterarder case to be so intolerable as to compel a separation. Those terms have since been altered by Parliament, and altered in the sense demanded by the Free Kirk leaders of 1843, but the separation continues just the same as before, and it is hard to show that the separatists are not logically consistent. The State, as we understand them to say, has abolished a particular law which was objectionable, but it has not disclaimed the general right of finally deciding in the civil courts such cases arising out of ecclesiastical disputes as may come under legal jurisdiction; and such a pretension is incompatible with the rightful independence of the Christian Church. Rather than admit it, the majority of the Free Kirk General Assembly voted for the disestablishment and disendowment of the National Church, whose faith they share in every particular, although disendowment and disestablishment is in itself a national sin. It now appears that there is an influential minority who are strongly opposed to such a consummation, while in theory they quite agree with the main body of their coreligionists. They cannot accept establishment and endowment on the existing terms, and therefore they ask not for disestablishment, but for terms of establishment which they can accept. The voluntary principle is dangerous and unscriptural, for it is the duty of the State to support the true Church, and as they are the true Church, it is the duty of the State to support them, and therefore to support them on their own terms. The abolition of lay

patronage—which formed the original *casus belli*—was of course right, as far as it went, but it did not go far enough. It is further necessary to remove—and to remove promptly, or very “serious and irreparable consequences” will ensue—“all remaining obstacles which prevent a righteous adjustment of existing difficulties in accordance with the claims and principles of the Free Church.” It is involved, as we have already intimated, in those claims that the civil courts shall in no way interfere, directly or indirectly, with the internal affairs of the Church. Even the *appel comme d’abus* allowed under the old Gallican system in France is inadmissible, for no member of the Church may appeal to the civic tribunals against any wrong which he believes himself to have suffered in his spiritual capacity. And it rests with the Church, not the State, to rule what are spiritual matters. This is precisely the claim put forward again in various official utterances of the present Pope. But Pius IX. has not, so far as we are aware, demanded that the alienated endowments—say in Ireland—should be given or restored to the Church. But the Free Kirk ministers do make this demand “on the grounds of reason, history, the Treaty of Union with England, and the Free Church claim of right.” In a word they demand perfect freedom, as they understand it, and demand the leaves and fishes too. And they hold the concession of this claim to be specially imperative “in the case of the Highlands and Islands,” because there the great mass of the people belong to the Free Church. We have paraphrased, or rather summarised, the language in which this sweeping requisition is conveyed, but our readers shall judge for themselves whether the resolutions passed unanimously last week at a meeting of the Free Kirk ministers at Inverness do not sustain our construction of it:—

1. That while this meeting is entirely opposed to the theory of voluntarism—or a denial of the duty of nations and their rulers, as such, towards true religion and the Church of Christ—this being inconsistent with the word of God, the principles of the Free Church of Scotland, and inferring the most dangerous consequences; they also repudiate all proposals to devote to secular purposes the ecclesiastical revenues of the country, which they regard, on the grounds of reason, history, the Treaty of Union with England, and the Free Church claim of right, as belonging, for religious purposes, to the people of England; and they hold this view to be especially important in the case of the Highlands and Islands, where the great mass of the people are connected with the Free Church of Scotland, and continue strongly attached to the principle of national religion. 2. That, while approving the abolition of patronage, they hold it to be the duty of the rulers of the nation to ascertain and remove all remaining obstacles which prevent a righteous adjustment of existing difficulties in accordance with the claims and principles of the Free Church; and they are persuaded that any additional delay in ascertaining and removing these causes of evil may result in very serious and irreparable consequences. 3. That, in accordance with the above resolutions, the attention of the Lord Advocate and of the Government be seriously called to this matter, with a view to the adoption of such measures as are manifestly necessary.

These gentlemen must be allowed to have the courage of their opinions. They have reproduced, *mutatis mutandis*, in their first and second resolutions some of the most distinctive doctrines of the Syllabus, and emulate the proudest pretensions of “Popery and Prelacy,” those twin incarnations of evil so strongly condemned in the Solemn League and Covenant. But they are not therefore to be charged with inconsistency. Their theology, their ritual, and their discipline are as little “Popish” as can well be conceived, but their ecclesiastical principles are in substantial harmony with the Ultramontane. In the days of John Wesley’s most successful preaching a learned prelate gave utterance to his mingled feelings of indignation and contempt in a work entitled *The Zeal of Methodists and Papists Compared*. An interesting work might be composed in our own day on the Ultramontanism of Papists and Puritans compared. It is no answer to say that Presbyterians reject the idea of a priesthood, and that laymen bear a part in Church government in the Established and the Free Kirk alike. “Sacerdotalism” in the technical sense of the term is not essential to Clericalism, and lay elders are apt to display even more of an exclusively clerical spirit than their ordained colleagues. If the cowl does not make the monk, neither does the chasuble make the priest, and Milton was not far wrong in saying “New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.” It was the express contention of the Presbyterians against the Independents in Cromwell’s time that the latter favoured a lax and tolerant policy wholly at variance with the divine claims and prerogatives of the Church. And the Free Kirk ministers at Inverness last week were only following in their footsteps when they solemnly deprecated the alienation of “ecclesiastical revenues to secular purposes,” and asserted the paramount duty of the State to acknowledge in all its dealings with religious matters “the claims and principles of the Church.” The significant hint of the danger of any “delay” in arranging a concordat on this basis may even remind us of the more explicit statement frequently appended to Papal Briefs and Allocutions of the very “serious consequences” sure to overtake those who hesitate to acknowledge the claims urged upon their attention. And if neither Papal nor Presbyterian authorities can any longer persecute heretics, and do not, as a rule, excommunicate them, this is mainly due to a change of time and circumstances which has blunted the edge of weapons freely handled in former ages by both powers alike. The spirit of intolerance—which is not necessarily incompatible with many high and noble qualities—is so little the monopoly of any one Church or form of belief, that it represents the meeting-point of the most opposite and antagonistic creeds.

THE CLUB QUARTER OF LONDON.

ORIENTAL cities have their special quarters, where different nationalities keep scrupulously apart; and until comparatively the other day the children of Judah remained after nightfall under locks and bolts in the capital of the Catholic faith. Even now that *consignes* have been taken off and barred gates cleared away, there is no mistaking the type of features and habits in the Ghetto of Rome, the Judengasse at Frankfort—which, by the way, is being deplorably restored—and the districts in such towns as Prague and Vienna where the Jews are huddled together on the banks of the Moldau or the Danube. Yet we venture to say that nothing anywhere is more characteristic in its way than the quarter of the London Clubs which lies in the parish of St. James’s. St. James’s Square itself, with the exception of some houses on the southern side, can hardly be said to be included in it. But the minor streets to the eastward and westward are one great straggling rookery of bachelors unattached. Quiet is for the most part their predominating characteristic. None of them are absolute thoroughfares; few of them lead anywhere in particular, and some of them end in actual *culs de sac*. The only disturbance is from some passing barrel-organist or wandering ballad-screacher who lays himself out to terrorize the inmates into bribing him to leave off and move on. The chief sign of life is in the half-dozen of hansom pulled up in front of a public-house that does a peaceful but lucrative trade. Yet no family man would ever dream of setting up his Penates in those tranquil shades, and gentlemen from the country, when they bring their womankind to town, never think of applying for lodgings in the familiar haunts of their bachelorhood. It is a neighbourhood that offers accommodation to every income, so long as the applicant is a single gentleman. Yet even St. James’s shows unmistakable symptoms of keeping pace with the expanding exigencies of the age and pandering to our increasing luxury. We remember the time, and not so very long ago, when almost everything was more or less in the rough-and-ready style. You had to make your choice between an hotel in St. James’s Street or Jermyn Street and a very ordinary lodging-house. Now you may pick and choose according to your tastes or your means. First there come the hotels, which have multiplied, and which for the most part style themselves “private.” In these you know exactly what you have to expect. There is a landlord who makes his income very easily, who has to defray long milliners’ bills for the adornment of his wife and daughters, who has frequently to find them places in the dress-circle at the theatre, and who may be more or less condescending and accessible. There is a head-waiter who has become a solemn institution, and who has grown portly on the tips which are so freely lavished on him. It is rumoured that he pays largely for his place, and it is very possible, for from the youths who aspire to bask in his favour he levies presents in the fashion of an Oriental despot. There is a dingy coffee-room with its furniture of massive mahogany and rich Turkey carpets that are worn and blackened by time. The bedrooms are still more sombre, and they ignore the modern innovations in upholstery. The massive four-post bedstead, with its cumbersome hangings of crimson moreen, still holds its own against the light Arabian iron-work; while bright-coloured chintzes or cretonnes are an unheard-of innovation. The solid sparkle of the establishment shows chiefly in the silver candlesticks and the substantial cut crystal. A shilling a piece is the charge for the great glasses of sherry, and if you breakfast or dine “for the good of the house,” you find it decidedly to your own harm, so far as your purse is concerned. But whether you take your refreshment at home or abroad, you find that your bill mounts up mysteriously.

These hotels are chiefly patronized by birds of passage or “swells” in the season; but for denizens of the district, their counterpart is to be found in the Club Chambers. In these you have your room or your small suite of rooms, which you are supposed to furnish for yourself. You are entitled to the services of the staff of domestics; there is a porter in an imposing uniform, who dozes off and on in an arm-chair in a hall, and in some cases there is a coffee-room, where you may order your meals if it suits you. But between the Chambers and the more antiquated lodging-houses is an infinite variety of establishments of all grades. The quarter has been developed by the expenditure of the savings of butlers and housekeepers who have been in profitable service, and especially of Club servants and porters who have excellent connexions all ready made. They have purchased eligible tenements, pulled down partition walls, and piled up story upon story. They have knocked out new lights, and put panes of plate-glass into the windows. They have been unstinted in their outlay on paint and whitewash, and have broken out in brass plates and burnished knockers. You seldom see the masters of these establishments, whose engagements frequently keep them abroad. But for the most part they have married judiciously, and the mistress exercises a careful supervision. The furniture is light and airy, and usually the “valeting” is unimpeachable; even the bedrooms are arranged somewhat in the Continental style; and a man who need not look too closely to his shillings may find himself very comfortable in them. And lastly, for the gentlemen who are unfortunately hard-up, there is still an abundance of the old-fashioned lodgings, where you may live, or at least take your nightly rest, in a decent garret at half-a-crown a day. It is true that the identical furniture which you knew so well of old has steadily been growing more dilapidated. It is rarely indeed that the paint is renewed, and the door is opened and the attendance is done by a grimy female

servant-of-all-work. Still you are cheaply supplied with the indispensables of existence within convenient reach of your Club, and if you sleep in a garret at night you live in a palace through the day.

People may boast as they please of the pleasures of the Continental capitals, but the Club life which is an institution of London offers unrivalled attractions to the bachelor who is impecunious and unattached. If he has any sort of pretensions, he is sure of finding a footing somewhere. Payment of the entrance money may be "a pull," as Mr. Traddles in *David Copperfield* remarked of his fees at the Bar; but the annual subscription is relatively insignificant, and it secures him a mansion on the joint-stock principle which otherwise would be far beyond the means of a man of twenty times his income. It is true that the life in public has its drawbacks. It is the nature of all animals when suffering from ailments to withdraw themselves from the company of their kind and sulk or mope in their lairs. But if the Club-bachelor is sick or sorry, there is no help for him. Keeping to his apartment through the day would make a disagreeable sensation in the establishment, giving rise to all kind of sinister rumours; while the disqualifying influences of his den would infallibly confirm him in the blue devils. Yet if he goes forth to his Club he will be surrounded in his melancholy mood by a crowd of lively and unsympathetic acquaintances, who will either innocently bore him to death or offer him "chaff" for consolation. And even if his health and spirits are unflagging until they finally go with a crash, he must break himself to be the slave of his habits if he is to make the routine of his existence endurable. Every Club-man must be familiar with certain members whose presence may be counted upon all the year round more confidently than that of the waiters, who sometimes are indulged with a holiday. Each day of the year from January to December these men are to be seen in the places they have appropriated. How sick they must become of the little table where they daily breakfast, lunch, and dine! How weary they must be of the *menu*, varied as less frequent visitors may find it! The very patterns of the curtains and carpets must have worked themselves into their souls; and, if they are sensitive, they must have an uneasy feeling of the detestation in which they are held by the servants. Too often they are tyrants; but, however unexacting they may be, their invariable presence must make them the hardest of taskmasters; and they have doomed themselves to haunt the house like weary spirits, even to the point of dining there on Christmas Day. A melancholy routine of this kind must inevitably engender dyspepsia, and aggravate those inevitable maladies to which all flesh is heir. And when their health begins to break up, it is horrible to picture their condition. The doctor may prescribe change, and recommend cheerful society; but possibly they are tethered by the lack of means, and at all events they are hobbled by confirmed habits. It is long since they gave up trying the country, having found the oppression of it intolerable. Their utmost change latterly has been a Sunday at Brighton, and then it was with intense relief that they hurried back on the Monday. The chief excitement of their monotonous days was to be found at table or in the smoking-room. But now they are put upon a regimen, and stinted in the quantity of their food. Severe injunctions, under pain of death, cut them down in the favourite indulgence of smoking. Sherry at odd times, and brandy and soda of an evening, are peremptorily forbidden. They have neither intellectual nor other resources to console them under the restriction of stimulants and narcotics. And, worst of all, the privations to which they are condemned seem to do nothing towards repairing their shattered constitutions. They grow more hopeless and unhappy as their health becomes more precarious and their frames more feeble; until, finally, they perforce are made prisoners in their lodgings, and one day it is announced in the Club that old So-and-so is gone at last.

MUNICIPAL DEBT.

THE growth of local debt has for several years been attracting the attention of political thinkers. Its rapidity, the burdens it imposes on the ratepayers, and the directness with which these burdens are brought home to the popular understanding, inevitably claimed notice as soon as the reform of our imperial financial system was completed. And the fact that the phenomenon is not confined to our own country—indeed it is even more marked in the United States and other new communities—made it appear the more deserving of study as a characteristic feature of our time. The causes of the recent rapid growth of local debt are manifest enough. Within a generation or two our conception of life has been revolutionized. Only the other day, comparatively speaking, the outbreak of an epidemic was regarded as a visitation from Heaven, which mere human means could neither avert nor shorten. Now it is a commonplace even amongst Vestrymen and Common Councillors "that disease is the effect of causes most of which are preventable." It illustrates the newness of this familiar truth that its recognition in legislation in this country dates only from the first appearance of cholera. Its fertility, however, has been such that since then it has given birth to a large body of laws, the execution of which has necessitated a vast expenditure by the local authorities. Since the Crimean war, for example, the Metropolitan Board of Works has constructed an entire system of main drainage in London at an immense cost, and similar works on a corresponding scale have been carried out in most of our large

provincial towns. The lighting of towns by gas and the supply of water have involved further heavy outlays. The increase of wealth and of traffic, the unprecedented extension of towns, and the improvement of locomotion, have likewise imposed upon municipal authorities considerable expenditure for police purposes, and also for widening streets, opening up new communications, and protecting buildings from fire. Lastly, the passing of the Education Act necessitated the erection of school-houses all over the country. The progress of science, more especially of medical science, has thus wrought a vast change in our idea of the relations subsisting between the State and the individual, and has resulted in an immense expenditure which was practicable only because the burden could be apportioned between existing and future generations. It is evident that the work is not nearly completed. To attain the object of the Artisans' Dwellings Act alone, for example, would probably cost hundreds of millions sterling; and, if London continues to spread at its present rate, to provide it in the future with an adequate supply of water drawn from pure sources will require an enormous outlay. Even, then, if there had been none but strictly necessary expenditure, we should expect to find a great increase of local indebtedness. Unfortunately, we cannot ignore the fact that there has also been much extravagance, much jobbery, and much actual waste. It is plain that extravagance adds to the difficulty of pushing on the works required for the improvement of the health, comfort, and intelligence of the people without trenching upon the fund needed for keeping up the country's position as the foremost manufacturing, banking, and trading community in the world. It ought, therefore, to be checked with a firm hand. But the Government statistics hitherto published do not enable us to distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate outlay. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, indeed, has done a great deal to improve the annual returns; and his labours will, it may be hoped, bear fruit speedily. In the meantime a right use of the materials we possess yields information not without value. At a recent meeting of the Manchester Statistical Society, Mr. John Goodier, Registrar of Stock to the Manchester Corporation, read a paper which directs attention to the points in local finance that best enable us to form a correct estimate of its actual condition, and which at the same time brings together some very suggestive facts.

Mr. Goodier selects twenty cities and boroughs—eighteen in England, one in Ireland, and one in Scotland—and shows what has been the growth of debt and of rateable value in each since 1861. The period is well chosen. It does not take us back to an epoch so remote that modern ideas had hardly made themselves felt in local finance, and yet it is sufficiently long to show the present tendency of municipal administration. Of the twenty towns, Sheffield alone had no debt at the beginning of the period; it owes now over a quarter of a million. The rate of growth in its case, therefore, is the highest of any; but still, it will be seen, its liabilities are moderate. Next to Sheffield, Hull has the highest rate; but its debt also is not excessive, being considerably under half a million. Third in order comes Birmingham, with a rate of 766 per cent., and a debt of 4,635,000*l.* Salford ranks fourth, with a rate of 714 per cent., while Liverpool is lowest of all, the rate being only 13 per cent. Liverpool, however, at the beginning of the period had a debt exceeding three and a half millions. The slow growth during the past sixteen years, therefore, does not mean absence of debt, but rather that it was already considerable at the beginning of the period. Taking the whole twenty towns together, their liabilities now amount to 27,445,000*l.*, being an increase in the sixteen years at the rate of 180 per cent. In the same period the rateable value had increased only 76 per cent. In Hull the rateable value increased only 120 per cent., while the debt grew at the rate of 885 per cent.; in Birmingham the rateable value rose only 59 per cent., and in Salford only 112 per cent. In every case, then, the value of the property on which the debts are secured has increased very much more slowly than the debts themselves. If we were to confine our view to this single fact, we should be obliged to look upon the present state of things as seriously disquieting. It needs no argument to prove that, if corporations go on augmenting their liabilities two and a half times more quickly than the value of the security they have to offer rises, the result must be to cause serious difficulties in the future. So to confine our view, however, would be to fall into an utter mistake. The Corporation of Birmingham at the present moment, for example, is carrying out the Artisans' Dwellings Act on a scale and with an energy that reflect the highest credit upon it, and set an example which, we hope, will be widely followed. When that great work is accomplished, the existing debt, already large, will be very greatly swollen; yet it is doubtful whether the charge upon the ratepayers will be augmented by a penny. The Corporation will possess a valuable property, which will let well, and the rent of which will, in the absence of gross jobbery and incompetence, more than cover the interest due on the capital borrowed to buy up and improve it. Clearly, then, it would be altogether misleading to compare the growth of debt due so largely to this expenditure with the increase in the rateable value of the property of the town, and, because we should find the former much the more rapid, to conclude that the Corporation was on the high road to bankruptcy. On the other hand, the Corporation of Manchester has just built a new Town Hall, which may have been very much needed, and may effect considerable savings in salaries of officers and rents of offices. So far as it does this, it is a prudent investment. But beyond this point, it is purely unremunerative outlay, and the money borrowed for the purpose is a real addition to the burdens of the ratepayers. It will be seen from these two

examples that, before we can judge whether the twenty towns in question have or have not been extravagant, we require to know for what purpose they incurred the debts we have mentioned, and what they have now to show for them.

The reader of the paper which has supplied us with these figures does not attempt to give this information for the twenty cities and boroughs whose finances he has analysed. There exist, in fact, no published data from which it can be obtained, and to collect them for oneself would be a task of great labour. So far as Manchester is concerned, however, Mr. Goodier is able to give us the explanation we require. The rateable value of the property of the town is now 2,229,000*l.*, and its debt 4,644,000*l.* Thus the liabilities are more than twice the value of the security, and, moreover, they have increased in the sixteen years at the rate of 125 per cent., while the rateable value has grown only at the rate of 85 per cent. At first sight it would appear that the Corporation has been pursuing a reckless course. But Mr. Goodier reminds us that Manchester has bought up its gas and water works, that it is the owner of valuable manorial rights, and that it possesses other property. Its assets, indeed, he values as high as seven millions and a half. If this estimate is correct, the debt of the Corporation is no real charge upon the rates, since the assets in its hands not merely suffice to meet all liabilities, but would leave a surplus of nearly three millions. This example illustrates very clearly the delusive character of existing local statistics, and the need there is for information respecting the property belonging to the various local authorities. Another point to be noticed is that the date at which the purchase of such undertakings as gas and water works has been effected has a material bearing on the debt. Manchester, for instance, made the purchase long before Birmingham. The Gas and Water Companies, of course, took care in each case to insist upon receiving, at the least, the full market value of the day. But in towns where wealth and population grow so rapidly, a very few years cannot but greatly increase the receipts from gas and water. Thus the value of the works in Birmingham is no more than equal to the debt they have caused; in Manchester it is considerably more. One other point remains to be referred to. It is that sanitary and educational expenditure, although not directly remunerative, may be even pecuniarily profitable by diminishing the sick-rate and mortality, and consequently the poor-rate; by increasing the intelligence of the population, and therefore its industrial efficiency; and by elevating its tastes and increasing the comfort of its homes, and thus lessening intemperance and crime, and consequently their charge. Nevertheless, while all this is quite true, the rate at which debt has grown in these twenty cities and boroughs is calculated to inspire misgivings. Obviously the process cannot safely be continued very long. Up to a certain point, and for clearly desirable objects, the benefits secured may more than counterbalance the disadvantages; but, if pushed too far, municipal borrowing, like individual borrowing, can have but one result. The increase of debt by local authorities, therefore, demands strict and vigilant supervision.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

THE present show at the Dudley Gallery, if, as has been already said, it contains no striking instance of invention or imagination, contains at least a fair quantity of pictures which may be looked at with pleasure for the excellence of their workmanship. But this will not be found to hold good with reference to the production which occupies what is presumably the place of honour, as it is certainly the best place on the walls—"Disbanded," by Mr. Pettie, R.A. (168). That an artist of Mr. Pettie's talent should have deliberately sent in this ugly and staring representation of a Highlander executed in the manner of the "twopence coloured" school is perhaps more surprising than that, when it was sent in, it should be hung in so conspicuous a place. The space which it occupies would to our thinking have been more fitly filled by Miss Pickering's "Cadmus and Harmonia" (20). Lowness of tone has been deliberately carried so far in the picture that the flesh tints have a look of unreality, and the golden hair of Harmonia seems to have had the glint taken out of it. But the general effect of the colour is extremely pleasing; the modelling is for the most part excellent; and the whole attitude of the figure, with the exception of a little stiffness in one leg, is charmingly pretty and tender. One other figure-picture in the exhibition, which, curiously enough, is also the work of a lady artist, Miss Hooper's "Sleep of Brynhild" (138) deserves considerable praise for the bold treatment of Brynhild's drapery and mail armour, as well as for the excellence of the scheme of colour so far as the figure is concerned. In other parts of the picture it would seem that Miss Hooper is in danger of catching some of the worst tricks of Mr. Holman Hunt. Mr. Frank Holl, who has on other occasions shown some power of imagination in the direction of pathos, sends two pictures called "Hush" (68) and "Hushed" (100). The first of these, which recalls the manner of M. Israels, is well painted, and there is something fine in the grouping; but, in looking at the poverty and conventionalism of the second, one may think that the painter would have done better to avoid the not very original device of attempting to catch the spectator's feelings by force of contrast. This is indeed a trick which might be compared to the familiar peepshow of our youth, in which, by an arrangement of flaps, a

street view or interior seen in the first place by day suddenly became a night view, lighted up with twinkling lamps. Turning to landscape, we may call attention to M. Léon Lhermitte's "A la Fontaine" (101), which is remarkable as showing how completely this clever painter has shaken off the fondness for dingy colour, which was probably the result of his constant practice in black and white. The effect of this picture is singularly bright and attractive, and the treatment of the background reminds one pleasantly of the method of Corot. The same power of seizing the happiest expression of nature will be expected and found in Mr. Boughton's "October" (273), which has all the painter's accustomed charm in the beauty of its landscape, and has also the merit, not always to be found in his works, that the figures look as if they belonged naturally to the scene, and have about them no air of theatrical affectation. Mr. Henry Moore's "The North Sea" (238) is another work which does complete justice to the painter's reputation, and is especially remarkable for the daring and successful treatment of the dashing foam which occupies a prominent place in the picture. Next to this is a work by Mr. Frank Cox, "Drying the Nets" (239), which indicates the possession of some power. The painter seems to have aimed at producing something of the same effect that was found in Mr. Macbeth's "Potato Harvest." That is, he has attempted to transfer to his canvas the vigour and free movement which give interest and grace to a commonplace occupation, and he has in great measure succeeded. The work is injured, however, by unhappy colouring. Mr. Aumonier's "River Blythe" (331) may be noticed for its charming feeling, and Mr. Helmick's "The Botanist" (345) for its quiet humour. Mr. Marks's "Decorative Panel—Storks" (80) is, however, the most striking instance of pictorial humour in the Gallery. The half-dignified, half-pedantic expression and bearing of the birds has been caught with rare skill, and rendered with finished execution. Among the works of sculpture are M. Dalou's charming terra-cotta figure "Liseuse" (454), and two clever figures, also in terra-cotta, "Sculpture and Painting" (456, 458), by Mr. E. R. Mullins. On the screen Mr. E. J. Gregory exhibits two pictures (429, 441) of which the subjects are trivial enough, but which derive importance from the strength of the execution. Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Kitchen Garden" (435) is remarkable, among other things, for the exquisite beauty of the sky.

The Water-Colour Exhibitions may perhaps attract more than usual notice at this moment, in consequence of the controversy which has been raised as to the propriety of employing opaque colour in water-colour pictures. Mr. Horsley, R.A., has lately written to the *Times* in a sense strongly opposed to the use of body-colour, and has cited the opinion of Turner to support his view; although he admits that, towards the end of his life, Turner "occasionally used opaque colour when making rapid sketches and studies on tinted paper." That the great painter should have employed body-colour only in this way is a little curious, because it was, we imagine, just when water-colour painters began to attempt more than mere sketches that they found the use of opaque colour convenient. It was discovered that, to give a more complete realization of nature's aspect than could be conveyed in a sketch, it was desirable to employ a material capable of lending itself to a more solid expression than could be got from the transparent tints which alone were at first employed by water-colour painters. In fact, the recent history of water-colour art shows a gradual progress from mere sketching to a completer rendering of the subject; and it may be observed that certain water-colour artists, among whom may be specially noticed the late Mr. Walker and Mr. Pinwell, made the constant use of body colour a stepping-stone, so to speak, to the cultivation of oil-painting. It is, of course, impossible to prove that Mr. Horsley is mistaken in thinking that the two arts of water-colour and oil-painting should be kept completely distinct as far as their technical means are concerned; but there is no doubt that lately there have been many signs of their becoming in a manner blended. For instance, probably only a small proportion of the spectators who admired Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures of "Temperance" and of "Merlin" in the summer exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery were aware that in each a different method had been employed. As a matter of fact, however, "Temperance" was painted in water-colours and "Merlin" in oils—a fact which would seem to show, on the one hand, that any hard and fast line between the two methods must be purely arbitrary, and, on the other, that painters of the present day who start with water-colours are likely to find out that they can produce the effects which they desire more readily and conveniently by the employment of oils. On the other side of the question it would be possible to bring forward the example of Mr. Alma-Tadema, whose water-colour works, in which body-colour is, we believe, never employed, are in their way as perfect as his oil-painting. But it should be remarked that in these Mr. Alma-Tadema does not attempt any great variety of aerial effect, which is the very purpose for which opaque colour is useful. As to the endurance of body-colour, that is likely for some time to remain a vexed question. Meanwhile, a striking instance of the reaction against its use may be seen at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, in Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Head of St. George" (256), in which the high lights are obtained by exposing the surface of the paper, instead of putting on opaque colour. The work has many fine qualities, but strikes us as a somewhat mistaken attempt at an effect which might have been produced with greater success and ease in an oil-painting. The mechanical appliances of water-colours can hardly be suited to the bold, not to

say coarse, treatment to which they are here subjected. Much the same criticism might be made on Mr. Herkimer's "A Hunter" (165), to which we much prefer the same painter's "A Study" (246) of a child's head, which is extremely pretty. Among the works of other well-known painters, Mr. J. D. Linton's "Hesitation" (82) is remarkable for its admirable management of colour and drapery. The same peculiar hue of yellow which prevails in this work of Mr. Linton's has been treated with much grace and cleverness by Mr. Bale in "Choosing the Necklace" (186) and "A Pleasant Shade" (294). M. Israel's "A Peasant's Home" (168) is a tender and poetical study in a low tone of colour.

At the rooms of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours Mr. A. H. Marsh, who has much of M. Israel's peculiar power, exhibits among other works "Fishing Boats Returning" (340), which has great strength of perception and execution. Various works of Miss Clara Montalba show a considerable improvement, specially in the painter's rendering of water. Among them we may direct special attention to "A Regatta—Venice" (85), in which a singularly bold and brilliant effect is produced, and in which the notion of distance is admirably conveyed. Mr. W. Matthew Hale contributes several studies which are remarkable for the fine effect produced by completely simple and unaffected means. Among these, one of the most striking is "Off the Coast of Scotland" (241), where the cloud effect could scarcely be improved. Mr. J. D. Watson this year has only five pictures, all of which are in his well-known style, and the best of which, to our thinking, is "A Mountain Maiden" (195). Among the landscapes, perhaps the most completely pleasing is Mr. J. W. North's "Land of Argyll" (282). Mr. North has what may be called a poetical eye for scenery, and has the skill so to catch on his paper the effect produced upon his own mind that its beauty shall appeal to the spectator of his work as clearly as it must have done to himself in the first instance. Mr. Boyce sends several architectural studies all of which are more or less marked by his peculiar merits. Other works of various degrees of importance, including Mr. Alma-Tadema's charming "Flora" (394), we must leave our readers to examine for themselves.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

MR. MARTIN'S work increases in interest with Prince Albert's advance in experience, in knowledge, and in influence. The pupil of Lord Melbourne and of Sir Robert Peel joined on terms of equality in the councils of their successors. The only drawback to the pleasant impression, though not to the merit, of Mr. Martin's second volume consisted in the record of the unlucky collision between the Crown and its ablest Minister. In the quarrel with Lord Palmerston the Prince Consort was, almost for the first and last time during his short career, not wholly in the right. His feeling of resentment, though it survived the immediate occasion, was not allowed to interfere with constitutional practice, or with the interest of the country and the Queen. Only twelve months intervened between the summary dismissal of Lord Palmerston and his return to office as a member of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet. Two years later he was both accepted by the Queen as Prime Minister and loyally supported in his conduct of the war and of the subsequent negotiations. On the conclusion of peace, the Queen gratified Lord Palmerston by conferring on him the Order of the Garter; but he was never admitted to the personal intimacy and confidence which were enjoyed by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Clarendon. The present volume, containing the history of 1854, 1855, and 1856, includes the period of the Crimean War. As the Prince took a larger and larger share in political and administrative action, the work necessarily assumes a more historical character, and devotes less room to biographical details. While he properly avoids controversy, Mr. Martin incidentally refutes charges, now almost forgotten, which were urged against the Prince Consort in his lifetime. Of the accusation of excessive interference in the conduct of public business, it is enough to say that, as the natural representative of the Sovereign, he rightly acknowledged and with untiring diligence discharged the duty of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the course of domestic and foreign affairs. On all important occasions he expressed the opinions of the Queen to the Minister of the day, often with great advantage to the public service. At the same time he recognized in theory and practice the right of the responsible Government to form an ultimate decision. After 1851 the Crown had no distinct objects of its own which could conflict with the policy of the Ministers. The delicate and abstruse doctrine of constitutional government, which is supposed by some Englishmen to be a creed of divine and universal obligation, has never been illustrated with so near an approach to ideal perfection as during the time when the Prince Consort in the maturity of his powers administered the prerogative of the Crown.

Some of those who remember the gossip and the clamour of

three-and-twenty years ago will be surprised to find that the Prince was the most earnest, most consistent, and most resolute promoter of the Crimean War. The cynical proposition that calumnies are always true contains in most cases, like paradoxes in general, a certain admixture of truth; but the suspicions and rumours which throughout the war partially impaired the popularity of the Prince Consort form an exception to the rule. There was a thick cloud of smoke; and there was no fire underneath. The German patriotism and the dynastic sympathies which were rightly imputed to the Prince took the form of indignation against the subservience of the King of Prussia to his domineering kinsman at St. Petersburg. The personal relations of the Queen and the Prince had a salutary effect in controlling the frequent vacillations of the Emperor Napoleon, who was himself more earnest in the prosecution of the war than any other Frenchman. As Prince Albert once wrote, the Emperor always talked of evacuating the Crimea if an English or French battery was silenced, and if a Russian redoubt was taken he began to dream of a march on Moscow. The present revival of Russian aggression will probably add a special and temporary interest to the study of the most authentic materials which have been supplied for the history of the war. The story contains many instructive lessons, and many painful contrasts between the patriotic unanimity of 1855 and the hesitations and mutual reproaches of 1877; yet Mr. Martin is scarcely to be congratulated on the concurrence of events which will perhaps for a time and in some instances degrade his history in vulgar estimation to the level of a party pamphlet. The inconvenience is only temporary, for the book will long survive the passions and alterations of the hour. The purpose of the work, if a biography may be said to have a purpose in illustrating the character of its subject, is fully accomplished. The vindication of the Prince Consort from the suspicion of having preferred any consideration to the welfare and honour of the English Crown and nation is absolutely complete. Another delusion, which dates from a later time, may also be dispelled by the publication of contemporary records. Notwithstanding the statements of popular orators, no war was ever more heartily approved by the nation than that which has taken its name from the Crimea; and the enthusiasm with which it was prosecuted continued or increased to its close. The attacks on the Government were founded either on a doubt of the earnestness of some of the Ministers or on the disasters which were naturally attributed to their incompetence. The suspicion of want of sympathy with the national policy on the part of some members of the Government was not unfounded, though none of them can be charged with wilful neglect in their administrative capacity. "Lord Aberdeen," the Prince wrote soon after the beginning of the war, "cannot rise to the level of the situation; the war is in his eyes 'like a civil war, a war between England and Scotland.'" Mr. Gladstone avowed as one of his motives for providing a large portion of the expenses by taxation, his opinion that it was expedient to make war disagreeable and unpopular. Lord John Russell was occupied with intrigues for supplanting Lord Aberdeen that he might resume his former post; and, of the chief Ministers, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Clarendon almost alone shared the resolution of the country and the Court. When Lord John Russell succeeded in breaking up the Government, though not in attaining the object of his ambition, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Sir James Graham at once engaged in violent opposition to the further prosecution of the war. After an eloquent defence by Mr. Gladstone of the conduct of Russia during the Vienna negotiations, the Prince Consort addressed a strong remonstrance to Lord Aberdeen, who was expected to express the same opinions in the House of Lords. "The line," he said, "which your friends and colleagues, with the exception of the Duke of Newcastle, have taken about the war question has caused the Queen and myself great anxiety, both on account of the position of public affairs and on their own account." As he justly remarked, such declarations as those of Mr. Gladstone rendered all chance of honourable peace, without fresh sacrifices of blood and treasure, impossible by giving new hope and spirit to the enemy. Such language "must appear to many as unpatriotic in any Englishman, but difficult to explain on the part of statesmen who have up to a very recent period shared the responsibility of all the measures of the war, and that have led to the war." He added that persons who had been publicly suspected and falsely accused of having by their secret hostility to war led to all the disasters of the campaign "now would seem to exert themselves to prove the truth of these accusations, and (as Americans would say) to realize the whole capital of the unpopularity attaching to the authors of our misfortunes whom the public has for so long a time been vainly endeavouring to discover." Before the time of the expected debate in the House of Lords, Lord John Russell was obliged to resign office in consequence of the discovery that he had, as Plenipotentiary at Vienna, agreed to the terms of peace which he afterwards indignantly denounced in the House of Commons. It cannot therefore be known whether the appeal of the Prince would have affected the conduct of the Minister whom, above all others, he respected and esteemed. Lord Aberdeen's avowed repugnance to the war had been one of its principal causes; but as long as he remained in office he did his best to bring it to a successful termination. With disinterested patriotism he facilitated the formation of Lord Palmerston's Government; but when the illusory negotiations of Vienna seemed to render a settlement possible, Lord Aberdeen's paramount love of peace

* *The Life of the Prince Consort.* By Theodore Martin. Vol. III. Smith, Elder, & Co.

prevailed over a just appreciation of the honour and interests of the country.

The Prince Consort would not lightly have placed himself in opposition to Lord Aberdeen; and a stronger proof of the just confidence which he had now acquired in his own powers and in his position was afforded by the reproofs which he boldly addressed to the King of Prussia, and even on one occasion to King Leopold. Early in 1854 the Queen, in a letter composed by the Prince, replied to a private declaration by the King of Prussia of his determination to preserve complete neutrality, that, if such language had fallen from the King of Hanover or the King of Saxony, she could have understood it; but that she had always regarded Prussia "as one of the Five Great Powers which since the Peace of 1815 have been the guarantors of treaties, the guardians of civilization, the champions of right, and the ultimate arbitrators of nations." In declining to fulfil the corresponding duties, the King seemed to abdicate his position. In a subsequent letter, written in his own name, the Prince expressed still more frankly his opinion of the timid and servile policy which had rendered a European war possible. He was glad, he said, that the King had not made an official demand which he had, however, informally suggested as to the English operations in the Baltic. The Prince sketched the refusal which would have formed the answer of the English Government, and he added:—"In this your Majesty will no doubt find an outburst of the unfortunate animosity of English diplomacy to your person of which you complain. I should not be dealing with you as a true friend were I not frankly to avow that the animosity does, in fact, exist, not merely, however, in English diplomacy, but in the English nation, the French nation, and also, unless I am mistaken, in a considerable portion of the German." The conduct and character of Frederick William IV. during the later years of his reign were never noticed by the Prince except with contempt and indignation; yet at this very time he was incessantly accused of courtly subservience to dynastic German pretensions. During the negotiations for peace the Queen and the Prince consistently opposed the pretensions of Prussia to take part in the deliberations, though by that time the King's nephew, now Crown Prince of Germany, was betrothed to the Princess Royal of England. It must have been painful to the Prince Consort to answer with just and severe criticism a letter from King Leopold, for whom he entertained the most grateful affection. Even Leopold's sagacity had not wholly secured him against the influence which Russia, as the supposed protector of kings against their subjects, then exercised in all the Continental Courts. The King complained "with unmistakable bitterness of the French alliance, which you (King Leopold) call 'uppermost in everything.' And so it is, simply because France is our only ally." It was conceivable, he admitted, that France might play England false; "and there are not wanting people in France to represent to the Emperor the risk he runs in making common cause with *perfidie Albion*, which may in the end play the traitor, and ally itself with his enemies; but, as men of honour, neither he nor we can entertain such a thought for a moment." The manipulation of protocols by Austria, Prussia, and Germany had, as the Prince truly said, "no other object than to make sure that no harm is done to the enemy. Such a course is dishonourable, immoral, leads to distrust, and ultimately to direct hostilities." In those days there was no nominal Alliance of Three Emperors; but there were Berlin Memorandums in plenty.

Some of the most interesting parts of the volume relate to Napoleon III., with whom the Queen and the Prince formed an intimate acquaintance. The Prince Consort, after his visit to the Emperor at Boulogne in the spring of 1854, wrote a memorandum of their interviews, which shows remarkable appreciation of character as well as genuine literary ability. The subsequent exchange of Imperial and Royal visits at Windsor and at Paris resulted in a friendship which was on both sides probably sincere. After his attainment of sovereign rank, Louis Napoleon perhaps never felt himself so much at ease as with the Royal family of England. In the Prince, who was, as the Queen gracefully observed, less under the influence of personal feeling than herself, he found an intellectual equal and a superior in acquired knowledge. In the memorandum the Prince describes the Emperor as quiet and indolent in constitution, not easily excited, but gay and humorous when at his ease. A few little details add liveliness to his description. The Emperor could not understand the Prince's not smoking. "He is very chilly, complains of rheumatism, and goes early to bed; takes no pleasure in music, and is proud of his horsemanship, in which however I could discover nothing remarkable." The Prince found the Emperor's general education very deficient; he knew little of history, except that of Napoleon, "which he had at his fingers' ends." "He admires English institutions, and regrets the absence of an aristocracy in France; but might not be willing to allow such an aristocracy to control his own power, while he might wish to have the advantage of its control over the pure democracy." The Prince deviated from his usual prudence by explaining to the Emperor the reasons of his dislike to Lord Palmerston; and he also assured him that Lord Aberdeen, for whom he saw that the Emperor felt great distrust and dislike, was "d'une probité, et d'un cœur d'or." The Prince contended that the whole difficulty of government in France arose from "the absurd doctrine of equality as an accompaniment to liberty, which was in fact its negation, and to Rousseau's *Contrat Social*." The Emperor said in answer that no writers would for a long time make their way to the people of France. When he travelled with the Empress to Biarritz, the people in the South everywhere

shouted "Vive Marie Louise!" and he had heard on a former journey cries of "Enfin voilà le vieux revenu." The Emperor had at the time a fancy for the union of the whole Peninsula under the King of Portugal; but the Prince, himself closely allied with the House of Braganza, urged sound reasons against the project. The conversation extended to the liberation of Italy and Poland; and when the Emperor professed "the same ignorance of the Schleswig-Holstein question which is common with English statesmen," "he was glad to receive from me a general condensed history of the whole transaction, and he was struck when I told him that both he and his Government, as well as the English, had been made the mere tools of Russia on that question." The Prince observed that the Emperor took more interest in gossiping police reports than in important despatches; and he concluded his memorandum with the acute remark that "the Emperor's best chance is the English alliance, which not only gives steadiness to his foreign policy, but, by predisposing in his favour the English press, protects him from the only channel through which public opinion in France, if hostile to him, could find vent." Of the Ministers and favourites of the Emperor the Prince at all times entertained the lowest opinion.

In some letters which have been lately, with doubtful propriety, made public, the old King of Hanover, better known as Duke of Cumberland, coarsely expresses a dislike of Prince Albert which may easily be understood. He ridicules his intimacy with "that vagabond Bunsen," and "the apothecary Stockmar," and he complains with outraged delicacy of the Prince's neglect to wear the order of the Black Eagle when he dined with the King of Prussia, and of his appearing in plain clothes at a review of the garrison of Mayence. It is not improbable that in his youth, while he was new to a difficult and ambiguous position, Prince Albert may now and then have been guilty of breaches of etiquette. Throughout his life a coldness of manner, perhaps attributable to shyness, diminished the personal popularity which he might have enjoyed; but every detail of his life and every letter which he wrote confirm the belief that he was among the best, the ablest, and the wisest of men. If he had lived to this time, he would still in the vigour of his age have been the first statesman of Europe, and probably the most powerful man in England. Further proof is given by the publication of the present volume that he was fortunate in a biographer of great and practised ability and of perfect taste. Now, as before, the passages which Her Majesty has allowed to be extracted from her letters and diaries are among the most valuable parts of the book.

NYASSA.*

THE interest excited by the progress of South African discovery will certainly not be diminished by the publication of this small volume. The author was selected by certain divines representing the Established, the Free, and the United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland to found a mission on the southern shore of Lake Nyassa, to be called after Dr. Livingstone. This diary is the narrative of his journey to Livingstonia and back. We cannot make out the exact share which Mr. Waller had in the publication, what he "revised," or what stood in need of revision. But we must say that the reverend gentleman has left a great deal to be wished for, and that he seems to have lost sight of the duty which devolved upon him, or Mr. Young, or on both combined. The diary is not divided into chapters, though, as a record of travel by sea, river, lake, and land, it obviously demanded this treatment. There is no table of contents at the beginning and no index at the end. The maps are imperfect, and several names are wanting. There is really nothing to show that the diary has been in the least improved by its transfer from the Navy to the Church. Possibly the rough and hurried notes which Mr. Young penned in the short evening twilight, after the day's work was over and before the mosquito plague began, may have been licked into shape by Mr. Waller; but it does not seem to have occurred to this gentleman that such a record would have been improved by method, division, and arrangement. However, the diary is so full of incident and its style is so clear, manly, and unpretending, that its 239 pages may be probably read through by a good many readers before the defects pointed out are discovered. Mr. Young has been kind enough to give Mr. Waller's name to a mountain some 4,000 feet high, on the west course of the Nyassa lake. Out of sheer gratitude, if for no other reason, the book should have been sent into the world without such shortcomings as we have thought it necessary to notice.

Still this is a record of successful pioneering in a new field, and a contribution to our knowledge of Africa besides. It seems that Dr. Livingstone in 1861 spent some time and a good deal of money in a fruitless attempt to get a steamer to the Lake. The idea was not abandoned; and, backed by ecclesiastical influence and plenty of money, Mr. Young left England for Cape Town and the Zambesi River in May 1875. He took with him several well-chosen companions and a steamer called the *Itala*, after the place where Dr. Livingstone died, which had been tested on the Thames and then taken to pieces. After a tolerably prosperous voyage round the Cape, the expedition arrived off the mouth of the Zambesi river, or rather, we should say, hit that part of the African coast where the mouth was supposed to be. The shore was so low, the swamps so intricate, and the weather so gloomy, that it took

* *Nyassa*. By E. D. Young, R.N. Revised by the Rev. Horace Waller, F.R.G.S. London: John Murray. 1877

practised sailors some time to find out the bar at the real mouth of the river. Between the 23rd of July and the 2nd of August the steamer was put together, a slight difficulty being that some of the bolts were encrusted with sand and rust, and had to be thoroughly cleaned and oiled. Another and more serious mishap was the loss of a boat with Mr. Young's goods and clothes, owing to the unskilful navigation of a black cook, shipped at the Cape and unreasonably credited with some nautical skill. Grain was then purchased, canoes and men were hired at an enhanced rate, and the party, starting in their steamer which drew four feet of water, scraped and ploughed over sand-banks, and reached the Shirè River which flows into the Zambesi, in three or four days. Here the difficulties encountered at the mouth of the Zambesi were repeated. The junction of these two rivers is in reality a swampy plain, intersected by numerous streams; and, what with branches that led nowhere or brought the explorers back to their starting-point on the Zambesi, Mr. Young spent forty-eight hours in getting into the Shirè, and only effected his object by the aid of natives and by cutting "an opening through a wall of reeds and grass extending quite half a mile." Readers of *Ismailia* will recollect that a similar drudgery was undergone by Sir S. Baker. On September 6, after prodigious labour in the shallows and some danger in the rapids, they reached the Murchison Cataracts, took the steamer to pieces, and transported it, boiler and all, in three or four days to an open part of the river, where it was again put together and launched. This part of the trip took them through a small lake called Pamalombe, shallow, fringed with reeds, and abounding with hippopotami; but on October 12 the *Ilala* was steaming at a good rate along the waters of the Nyassa. It was very desirable to select a healthy spot with a safe harbour, and a sandy beach at Cape Maclear appeared to possess these essential qualifications. Here a promontory, it will be seen from the map, juts far out from the south in a northerly direction, and on its extremity the party set to work to establish a colony. Wood was cut, spaces were cleared, and houses were run up. The daily life, if regular and monotonous, was full of interest. They rose at daybreak, swallowed a cup of coffee, and worked till 7-30, when they had breakfast and prayers. Then they worked again till noon, when they dined on goat-soup, rice and fowls, fish, sweet potatoes, and preparations of Indian corn. The afternoon was spent in more work, and at five o'clock tea was served and the natives were paid their daily wages, which consisted of strips of calico. A Scotch doctor looked after the sick, and built himself a two-storied house, which was evidently looked on as an architectural marvel. Besides this there were drains to be cut, the steamer to be kept clean and ready for action, and a log-raft to be erected as a refuge in case of danger or invasion. As far as it has been tested, the selection of the spot seems to have been judicious. Fever was kept off. The houses proved water-tight when the rainy season set in, and mosquitoes were the only plague, but they occasionally were far too serious for ridicule. They seem to have been ten times worse than these insects in India or America.

When the settlement had been fairly started, and the cunning of certain Arabs who sent spies under the guise of labourers had been duly exposed, the next thing to be done was to circumnavigate the Lake. About the 18th of November, 1875, Mr. Young, leaving some companions in charge of Livingstonia, went up the east side of the Lake and came down by the west. This part of the diary leads infallibly to the conclusion that, whatever safety or comfort there may be for missionaries and merchants established in well-chosen spots on the shores of lakes and rivers in Southern Africa, neither the one nor the other is to be looked for on those huge internal seas. The most terrific gales, accompanied with drenching rain and lightning, sprang up at very short notice, and the *Ilala* was more than once in considerable peril. It was not easy to find an anchorage which was not exposed to a tempest from some one quarter. Here and there navigation is impeded by rocks and boulders; the mouths of large streams are barred by sandbanks; and, at the north, the blue lake degenerates into a mere swamp. The scenery, however, on the western and eastern shores is described as picturesque and magnificent by turns. Tropical vegetation, beautiful sandy bays, populous hamlets encircled with groves of plantain trees, large herds of cattle, fruitful plains at the foot of high and retreating ranges of mountains, and sheer precipices that came straight down into the blue waters of the Lake and were streaked with waterfalls, are very suggestive of great natural beauty. Game there was in abundance; herds of antelope looked up in amazement at the strange vessel; hippopotami floundered in the marshes; and elephants swam to distant islands, and charged the travellers when least expected. Mr. Young professes himself unable to understand how these latter animals can uproot big elm trees, and deal destruction everywhere. We cannot say for certain how the African species exerts its strength; but the Indian genus employs its trunk for smaller trees and branches, and uproots solid posts and timber of great growth by pressing the obstacle with its forehead, backed by its enormous weight of body. And it will do this when domesticated, at the bidding of its driver, for the edification of a load of sportsmen on its back. An island called Chisamoro, about midway between the two extremities of the Lake, and nine miles from its eastern shore, was tenanted by a "hardy, weather-beaten colony of Manganjas," who grew a little corn, ate a good deal of fish, and went about in canoes of a peculiar make procured from the mainland, and not unseaworthy. Even these islanders had not been exempt from the invasion of slave-dealing tribes, who pounced on them and carried off what they could.

On the 12th of December Mr. Young got back to Cape Maclear, and we are not astonished to hear that wet and exposure brought on a severe attack of fever. When he recovered, he paid a visit to an old acquaintance, a chief named M'Ponda, a childish sort of fellow, who was always craving for guns and powder to annihilate his rivals, the Ma Viti, and who was the proprietor of an old musical-box and the husband of one hundred and one wives. After this it became requisite to haul up the *Ilala*, which was managed cleverly by constructing a "way" of hard wood and employing rollers. In this necessary work, in visits to the Ma Viti, in trips down the Shirè to the cataracts, and in wearisome and sickening expectation of news from England and of Dr. Stewart and his party, nearly a year passed away. At the beginning of November, 1876, Mr. Young had seen his colony established on a sound footing, had shaken hands with M'Ponda, had paid a visit to another mission belonging to the Scotch Established Church, and was quite ready for a start. He returned, partly by land and partly by the river, to the Portuguese military station of Mazaro, where he turned off from the Zambesi and marched across a plain till he reached a small stream which took him to Quilemanè. This place, he takes occasion to remind readers and makers of maps, is not on the Zambesi at all. Here, after missing the monthly mail steamer, which started before her time, he got off in December 1876, and reached Table Bay in the beginning of January 1877, after an expedition which he has every claim to call a success.

This summary of practical work, fruitful exploration, and hardy adventure would be incomplete without some reference to moral considerations. Naturally the slave-trade engaged a good deal of Mr. Young's attention. As for the inhabitants, they are a simple, modest, and inoffensive people. No coolly bolted with his load, failed to appear at the close of a journey of sixty miles, or even grumbled at the amount of his wages. The women are modest and virtuous, and no indecent gesture was seen nor unclean word uttered. Cruelty, however, is innate, and barbarous punishments are still in fashion. Chiefs are given to drink; and we have a horrible story of one of M'Ponda's servants who cut his wife's throat because a witch-doctor said that she had given her husband poison. Slave-dealing of course led to the usual horrors; a poor woman, who, by her own account, had escaped from some Portuguese traders, to whom she had been sold by the Ma Viti, was found in the jungle almost naked and reduced to a skeleton. On another occasion a young girl of seventeen clutched the gunwale of the *Ilala*, and was amazed to find she was free. That greedy native chiefs should make raids on the villages of their adversaries and play into the hands of Arab dealers is not surprising. But the author brings most serious charges against the Portuguese on this head. According to him, the authorities of that nation co-operate with our cruisers in suppressing slavery on the coast, but allow the traffic to be carried on by their own countrymen in the interior. The captives are marched away from the sea-shore when taken, and are purchased by fierce and warlike natives who are within reach of such towns as Tette and Sena. For this statement the author vouches his own observation and collection of many facts whilst staying among the Makalolo. Such allegations as these soon get beyond the province of the literary critic. We recommend the statement to members of Parliament who are anxious for their country's credit, or at a loss for a good subject. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to think that Mr. Young and his patrons have made a good beginning at a cost not exceeding 6,000*l.* Mr. Young also makes certain practical suggestions about the draft of steamers. It would seem that two sorts are required; one boat which should draw not more than a foot of water, for the rivers, and another drawing four or five, for the lakes. The latter gives great trouble in shallows and sandbanks. The former would infallibly capsize or go to pieces in such tempests as Mr. Young describes. With regard to the elements, some parts of the Shirè river seem hot and stifling and haunted by fever. But in some localities of the Nyassa the climate is enjoyable. In April the maximum of the thermometer was 75°. In the beginning of June it was 55° at sunrise, and as long as there was work to do and plenty of excitement men kept their health. Prolonged idleness and inactivity are, according to our author, the sources of languor and disease. We take leave of Mr. Young with a feeling that he has begun a work which will reflect credit on the navy, on the Scotch Kirk in its widest sense, and on the generous merchants who wish to leave an enduring memorial of their countryman, Dr. Livingstone. If Africa is to be opened up and civilized and to be noted for something besides cruel raids and an atrocious traffic, it must be by the establishment of centres of intelligence like the colony at Cape Maclear. It is gratifying to think that the Sultan of Zanzibar seems to be in earnest in the suppression of slave-dealing on the coast. What remains to be done is to frustrate the vile intentions of Arab traders and Ajawa chiefs, whom cruisers cannot follow and who are amenable only to moral ascendancy backed by physical force.

GREEN'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.* (Second Notice.)

THE *History of the English People* is a book well named. Mr. Green has had a distinct and leading idea which runs through the whole of his work, and that idea is well expressed in his title.

* *History of the English People.* By John Richard Green, M.A. Vol. I. Early England. Foreign Kings. The Charter. The Parliament. With Eight Maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

We know no other book which is so truly a history of the people—not merely of the people in the exclusive sense in which that word is used by advanced Republicans. Strong as is his sympathy with the silent masses whose doom is to labour and to suffer, Mr. Green's conception of the people does not include these alone. Few writers have taken more account of the share that the priest, the scholar, and the author have had in moulding our national life; and, though by no means aristocratic in his leanings, he unhesitatingly recognizes the great services that the leading classes have from time to time rendered to the common cause. Thus it is no grudging meed of praise that he accords to the Baronage which won the Great Charter:—

In words which almost close the Charter, the "community of the whole land" is recognised as the great body from which the restraining power of the baronage takes its validity. There is no distinction of blood or class, of Norman or not Norman, of noble or not noble. All are recognized as Englishmen, the rights of all are owned as English rights. Bishops and nobles claimed and secured at Runnymede the rights not of baron and churchman only, but those of freeholder and merchant, of townsman and villein. The provisions against wrong and extortion which the barons drew up as against the King for themselves they drew up as against themselves for their tenants.

Simon of Montfort, the hero of the Barons' War, the beloved of the clergy, the Universities, and the towns, is among Mr. Green's favourite characters. We have set before us not the Earl's doings in England only, but also his earlier government of Gascony, where he is represented as struggling with the robber nobles, and doing his best "to shield merchant and husbandman from their violence." Like Arthur, he

Clear'd the dark places and let in the law,
And broke the bandit holds and cleansed the land;

or at least he would have done so, if King Henry would have backed him up. As however there are two ways of looking at everything, Simon's conduct as Seneschal of Gascony has been recently subjected to severe criticism by M. Bémont in the *Revue Historique*. While Mr. Green evidently concurs in the decision he attributes to the commissioners sent over to report on the Seneschal's administration—"that, stern as Simon's rule had been, the case was one in which sternness was needful"—the French critic gives it as his opinion that Simon showed himself "ce qu'il fut toute sa vie, impérieux et actif, plein de résolution, de ressources, et exempt de scrupules, en un mot digne fils de son père," and that he remains "aux yeux de l'histoire, chargé de pesants reproches." The question is one which it would be worth while for some of our historical scholars to work out. Probably Simon did not act—few men of his time did—on any distinct liberal principles; most likely his policy was of the hand-to-mouth kind, and he may without conscious inconsistency have been a tyrannical defender of order against the nobles of Gascony and a champion of the popular cause against a weak and foreign-hearted King. In either case he attacked the evil immediately before him. Even the act which has immortalized him in constitutional history was, it cannot be doubted, a step prompted not so much by any deliberate theory as by his sense of the weakness of his party among the Baronage. In the boroughs he knew himself to be strong, and therefore he issued the famous writs which "first summoned the merchant and the trader to sit beside the knight of the shire, the baron, and the bishop in the parliament of the realm." A new feature in Mr. Green's book is the detailed account he gives of the lingering struggles of the Montfort party under the leadership of the younger Simon, after the great Earl had fallen at Evesham. We give an extract relating to this last stage of the Barons' War, which forms an episode worthy of Sir Walter Scott. At the bottom of his heart indeed, Scott, if he had had the telling of the tale, would, while appreciating it as an effective incident, have been half sorry for that triumph of the townsman over the noble which doubtless adds a zest to Mr. Green's enjoyment. To judge by this specimen, the good people of St. Albans had nothing to learn from noble or soldier in the art of administering rough and ready justice:—

A monk of St. Alban's who was penning a eulogy of Earl Simon in the midst of this uproar saw the rise of a new spirit of resistance in the streets of the little town. In dread of war it was guarded and strongly closed with bolts and bars, and refused entrance to all strangers, and above all to horsemen, who wished to pass through. The Constable of Hertford, an old foe of the townsman, boasted that spite of bolts and bars he would enter the place and carry off four of the best villeins captive. He contrived to make his way in; but as he loitered idly about a butcher who passed by heard him ask his men how the wind stood. The butcher guessed his design to burn the town, and felled him to the ground. The blow roused the townsman. They secured the Constable and his followers, struck off their heads, and fixed them at the four corners of the borough.

Readers of Mr. Green's former book will remember the prominence he gave to the Peasant Revolt of 1381. It is a subject after his own heart, and it has evidently been a labour of love with him to improve and amplify his original account. Four pages are devoted to the history of the long strife between the town and abbey of St. Edmundsbury, which culminated in an outbreak worthy of the French Revolution. The narrative which we quote need not fear a comparison with Mr. Carlyle's descriptions of similar scenes:—

At Richard's accession Prior John of Cambridge in the vacancy of the abbey was in charge of the house. The prior was a man skilled in all the arts of his day. In sweetness of voice, in knowledge of sacred song, his eulogists pronounced him superior to Orpheus, to Nero, and to one yet more illustrious in the Bury cloister though obscure to us, the Breton Belgabred. John was "industrious and subtle," and subtlety and industry found their scope in suit after suit with the burgesses and farmers around him.

"Faithfully he strove," says the monastic chronicler "with the villains of Bury for the rights of his house." The townsman he owned specially as his "adversaries," but it was the rustics who were to show what a hate he had won. On the fifteenth of June, the day of Wat Tyler's fall, the howl of a great multitude round his manor house at Mildenhall broke roughly on the chauntings of Prior John. He strove to fly, but he was betrayed by his own servants, judged in rude mockery of the law by villein and bondsman, condemned and killed. The corpse lay naked in the open field while the mob poured unresisted into Bury. Bearing the prior's head on a lance before them through the streets, the frenzied throng at last reached the gallows where the head of one of the royal judges, Sir John Cavendish, was already impaled; and pressing the cold lips together in mockery of their friendship set them side by side. Another head soon joined them. The abbey gates were burst open, and the cloister filled with a maddened crowd, howling for a new victim, John Lackenheath, the warden of the barony. Few knew him as he stood among the group of trembling monks, but he courted death with a contemptuous courage. "I am the man you seek," he said, stepping forward; and in a minute, with a mighty roar of "Devil's son! Monk! Traitor!" he was swept to the gallows, and his head hacked from his shoulders.

It is an ungrateful task to find fault with a book of so much power and thought. But we must protest against Mr. Green's system of giving no references. The preliminary dissertations in which he names and to some extent criticizes the writers, contemporary or modern, upon whose authority he relies, are interesting and useful, but they are not enough. In the former book, which was brought out in the cheapest form, one tolerated the absence of references; but from a work which is meant to take a place in scholars' libraries more is expected. Mr. Green's "masters," Mr. Freeman and Mr. Stubbs, condescend to give chapter and verse for their statements; and it would be well if their disciple had followed the example. The checking power of references is all the more needed because Mr. Green is not a cautious historian. He is so hot in the chase of historic truth that he sometimes rides before the hounds. A deduction—one might almost say a guess—is often as good as a proved fact to him; a probability translates itself into certainty. It is, we take it, nothing more than guesswork when the quiet submission of Northumberland to Egbert is represented as due to the "spell of terror" cast over it by the descents of the Northmen upon Jarrow and Holy Island; or when King Oswald's death is represented as having been incited in an attempt to deliver East-Anglia from the Mercians. When Beda with honest vagueness tells us that Oswald and his brothers were exiled "apud Scottos sive Pictos," and were there "ad doctrinam Scottorum catechizati," Mr. Green finds for Oswald a refuge within the walls of the monastery of Iona. Nor can we discover in Beda any authority for the statement that Oswald's army at Heavenfield "pledged itself at the new King's bidding to become Christian if it conquered in the fight." The "via equiti numquam ante experta," by which, according to Orderic, the Conqueror marched to Chester, becomes in the modern narrative "paths inaccessible to horses." And we question if the words which Orderic uses at an earlier stage of the same campaign, "Illud iter difficulter peractum est, in quo sonipedum ingens ruina facta est," will bear the sense which Mr. Green extracts from them, that the army was "forced to devour its horses for food." That "the wife and daughters of Robert Bruce were flung into Edward's prisons" is a poetical expression as far as the wife is concerned. She was sent to reside at Burstwick, had an establishment of seven servants and three greyhounds, and was at liberty to go about the manor. Nor had Edward III. "varied the sterner operations of the siege of Calais by a hand-to-hand combat with one of the bravest of the French knights." Edward's famous encounter with Eustace de Ribeaumont occurred more than two years after the siege. However, these little embellishments are trifles. What lengths Mr. Green's imagination can carry him may be seen in the following summary of a well-known clause of the Great Charter:—

The forfeiture of the freeman on conviction of felony was never to include his tenement, or that of the merchant his wares, or that of the countryman, as Henry the Second had long since ordered, his wain. The means of actual livelihood were to be left even to the worst.

It is strange that Mr. Green did not ask himself how it came about that, in defiance of the philanthropic intention of the Barons, a felon's lands and goods were until 1870 liable to forfeiture. The fact is that the clause in question applies not to forfeitures, but to amercements. Mr. Green might as well suppose that the protest of the Declaration of Rights against "excessive fines" was meant to restrict forfeiture.

This is not the only instance where the author has been unhappy in dealing with law matters. The Constitutions of Clarendon, he tells us, enacted that "every election of bishop or abbot was to take place before royal officers, in the King's chapel, and with the King's assent." In reality there is no mention of "royal officers" in the clause relating to the election of bishops and abbots. The election was to be made "assensu domini regis et consilio personarum regni, quas ad hoc faciendum vocaverit." At p. 444 we read, "The pretension of the Court of Avignon was met in 1353 by a statute which forbade any questioning of judgements rendered in the king's courts or any prosecution of a suit in foreign courts under pain of outlawry, perpetual imprisonment, or banishment from the land." Now there is no mention of "perpetual imprisonment" or "banishment" in the statute of 1353, nor indeed is any definite penalty assigned for the offences denounced. The offenders are to appear in the King's court to answer for their contempt; failing so to appear, their lands, goods, and chattels are forfeit, and they themselves are to be "imprisoned, and ransomed at the King's will," or

if they cannot be found, outlawed. Of the Beaufort family Mr. Green tells us that it was legitimated by a royal ordinance, and that this was "confirmed by an Act of Parliament, which, as it passed the House, was expressed in the widest and most general terms; but before issuing this as a statute Henry the Fourth inserted provisions which left the Beauforts illegitimate in blood so far as regarded the inheritance of the crown." Was any such statute issued by Henry IV.? Mr. Green may have authority for his statement, but we cannot help suspecting a confusion between the original "charter" of legitimation granted by Richard II., which, as it received the assent, and was entered on the Rolls of Parliament, had the force of a statute, and the "exemplification" by Henry IV. of his predecessor's letters-patent. The Beauforts' case is that on the Rolls of Parliament there is no express exception of the royal dignity. Some other points we may notice here. In the elaborate account at p. 325 of Edward I.'s judicial reforms, the division of the body of judges into three distinct benches seems to be—for the passage is not clear—attributed to that King. This is at least doubtful. Mr. Stubbs, while giving no decided opinion, says that this step "is understood to have been taken shortly before the end of the reign of Henry III." Reckoning up Henry II.'s possessions, Mr. Green says, "Anjou and Touraine he had inherited from his father, Maine and Normandy from his mother." Now Maine came from Henry's father, Geoffrey of Anjou, who was son of the daughter and heiress of Count Helias of Maine. Of King John we read, "On the 15th of May, 1213, he knelt before the legate Pandulf, surrendered his kingdom to the Roman See, took it back again as a tributary vassal, swore fealty and did liege homage to the Pope." As Lingard long ago pointed out, Pandulf was not a legate, and John did not at that time perform, but only promised to perform, homage. Roger Mortimer, the favourite of the "she-wolf of France," was not beheaded, but hanged. "William of Coutances," at pp. 184 and 185, should be Walter of Coutances, "Henry the Lion," at p. 343, should be William the Lion. Ordinary readers will perhaps fail to discover that the place called Mirabeau at p. 189 is the same as Mirabel at p. 230. Two versions are given of the Londoners' defiant assertion in answer to a Papal interdict, that "the ordering of secular matters appertaineth not to the Pope"; but in the first the interdict is attributed to Pope Innocent, in the second to Pope Honorius. In a well-known quotation from the Peterborough Chronicle, "devils and armed men" is of course a misprint for "devils and evil men." Bishop Colman was no doubt "Aidan's successor at Holy Island" in the same sense as the present Archbishop of Canterbury is Augustine's successor; but the immediate predecessor of Colman was not Aidan, but Finan. So it would have been better to describe Æthelred's wife Emma, not as "the Norman Duke's daughter," but as his sister, her brother being the then reigning Duke. We may also remark that modern French criticism has ruled that Joan of Arc's captor should be styled the Bastard of Wandonne—misspelt Vendôme in a contemporary document—not of Vendôme. The printers are probably answerable for the misguided zeal for accuracy which has led to the spelling of *maletote* (*mala tolla*, the evil toll) with a circumflex over the first vowel—"maletot"—as if it was formed from *male*, instead of *mal*.

With a little more care and caution, Mr. Green would stand in the front rank of our living historical writers. Mr. Goschen spoke the other day of the charm that history has for those who can throw themselves into the past, and who have learned to love the society of the men of bygone ages. No writer is better able than Mr. Green to teach his readers how to do this. He not only feels the charm himself, but he can make others feel it.

CONJURING.*

CONJURING is an art which has made considerable progress in the last few years. In its original sense the word implied the same thing as necromancy, and meant the assumed power of raising the spirits of the dead for fortune-telling purposes, or even of "conjuring," or calling up, still more unpleasant ghostly beings with a view to gaining their aid in subduing the powers of nature to the private and generally disreputable ends of the sorcerer. In its other and later sense it meant the simulating of supernatural effects by the aid either of manual dexterity or of scientific contrivances. In both these senses the art has made progress; the professional black-art conjuror in the present day calls up his spirits, not by reading the Lord's Prayer backwards and killing an infant or two, but by inducing his customers to join hands in a mystic circle, and otherwise incapacitate themselves for observation, and by starting a Moody and Sankey hymn. The more honest white magician has also cast aside the awful paraphernalia of his craft; he no longer appears before the public in a flowing robe, and surrounded by gaudily-draped tables, and fearfully and wonderfully-made extinguishers and dish-covers, but presents himself in a civilized dress-coat, with no accessories beyond a small table and a chair. There is still the same difference between the two classes; the practiser of the black art appeals to the superstition and ignorance of his audience in order to rob them of their money under false pretences, while the other pretends to do nothing more than deceive their senses

for their own amusement. We shall not here speak of the former class, although their impostures, transparent as they are to the initiated "conjuror," have done, and are doing, enough mischief to justify serious exposure; but we propose to give some account of the present state of the art of "white magic," as expounded by its greatest modern professor, the late Robert Houdin.

To many people the word "conjuring" conveys no other idea than that of a few frivolous tricks in which boxes with false bottoms and other primitive contrivances play the most important part, or, at best, it is looked upon as an exhibition of which the whole art consists in "the quickness of the hand which deceives the eye." Now both these ideas are radically wrong; mechanical tricks are certainly extensively employed, and a professor of prestidigitation must certainly be nimble-fingered; but the excellence of the successful modern conjuror depends upon something quite independent of these *surcéduses*, and his training must be, in the strictest sense of the words, philosophical and scientific.

The first modern conjuror of any eminence was one Pinetti, an Italian, who, about the year 1783, made a considerable sensation in Paris. The secret of his tricks, which were very ingenious, and for the most part now, was divulged by an amateur named Decrémps, under the title of *La Magie Blanche dévoilée*; but Pinetti adopted an original method of revenge on himself and avoiding the consequences of the exposure. The incident is related by Robert Houdin as follows:—

At one of his performances he complained that an ignorant fellow, a mere impostor, had, in order to injure him (Pinetti), pretended to disclose secrets which were in reality far above his comprehension. No sooner was the observation made than a man in shabby garments and of disreputable appearance got up in the middle of the audience and in very coarse language addressed Pinetti, and offered to prove that the explanations he had given were correct. The company, annoyed at the interruption of a performance which had given them much amusement, tossed the poor devil, and would probably have given him rather rough treatment, had not Pinetti interceded on his behalf, and put him gently out, thrusting a few crowns into his hand. This man was a confederate. The next day Decrémps endeavoured to deceive the public, but the mischief was done.

Later on other artists came into the field, amongst whom the best known were Bosco, Compte, and Conus; they depended very much upon mechanical tricks for their great effects, but worked them so well in combination with genuine sleight-of-hand that they obtained a real success. Compte added ventriloquism to his entertainment. About 1824 a German conjuror named Döbler appeared in London and produced an extraordinary sensation; he, however, retired early from the profession, and was succeeded by a French conjuror named Philippe, who introduced Döbler's tricks to the Parisian public with immense success. The names of these fathers of the profession have been frequently assumed by conjurors, and are borne by several at the present day.

It was in July 1845 that M. Robert Houdin opened an entertainment in the Palais Royal called *Soirées fantastiques*, in which he introduced certain illusions so novel in effect and in the principles by which they were produced, that they may be said to have begun a new era in the art of conjuring. The circumstances under which this entertainment was commenced are narrated in another work of M. Houdin's, and are well worth noticing here. In 1845, being then a watchmaker and mechanic, he formed the acquaintance of Count de l'Escalopier, who, admiring his great proficiency in legerdemain, was always advising him to put in execution his long cherished plan of appearing in public as a conjuror. Robert Houdin, however, excused himself on the ground that he was not yet sufficiently prepared with certain tricks, the real reason being that his pecuniary resources were insufficient for the undertaking, and that he was too proud even to seem to be asking the assistance of his noble and wealthy friend. The Count at length divined his scruples and wished to advance him the required funds; but M. Houdin persistently refused until an event occurred which induced him to accept the generous offer. The Count one day came to ask his advice under most embarrassing circumstances; he had been robbed from time to time of considerable sums, and although he had several times discharged all his servants, the thefts continued, until at length the members of his family not only felt alarm at the presence of so daring and unscrupulous a robber in their very midst, but felt their individual honour in jeopardy. Robert Houdin proceeded to construct an ingenious piece of mechanism, to be applied to the Count's private *secrétaire*, so arranged that immediately on the lock being forced, or the drawer opened in any manner whatever, a pistol would go off and give the alarm, whilst a claw would dart out and indelibly tattoo the word "Voleur" on the hand of the thief. M. de l'Escalopier justly objected to the last part of the arrangement, on the ground that it exceeded the right of a private person to inflict such a punishment, and that by oversight or forgetfulness one of his own family, or even he himself, might receive the fatal brand. For the tattooing instrument, therefore, another was substituted, which inflicted only a simple scratch, and the trap was set. For more than a fortnight nothing occurred; but at length the thief was caught, and turned out, to the Count's great grief and annoyance, to be his confidential agent—"mon homme de confiance, mon factotum, presque mon ami, un homme que je tutoie depuis plus de vingt ans," as he himself expressed it. The Count good-naturedly pardoned the offender, but compelled him to restore the money which he had at different times stolen and invested, and which now amounted to a large sum. This sum M. de l'Escalopier insisted upon lending to Robert Houdin, and with it the latter opened the little theatre in the Palais Royal, where he introduced to the public that marvellous series of illusions which gained him

* *The Secrets of Conjuring and Magic, or How to Become a Wizard.* By Robert Houdin. Translated and Edited, with Notes, by Professor Hoffmann. London: Routledge & Sons. 1878

his well-earned reputation and a considerable fortune, and the explanation of which he gives in the book before us.

Setting aside what he calls the "false-bottom" school, cleverness in which he likens to the musical dexterity required for turning the handle of a barrel-organ, M. Houdin divides conjuring into five branches:—(1) Feats of sheer manual dexterity. (2) Expedients derived from the sciences, and worked in combination with sleight of hand. (3) Mental conjuring, whereby surprising results are arrived at by methods of analysis, &c., similar to those described in Edgar Poe's tales. (4) Pretended mesmerism. (5) The spiritualist medium business. The first two only belong to the realm of conjuring proper, although the more successful performers of the last class, such as the notorious Dr. Slade, employ certain principles used by the genuine professors of legerdemain.

In reading M. Houdin's work we are struck not only by the number and ingenuity of the devices explained, but by the clearness of the explanations themselves, and more particularly by the manner in which all rules are reduced to sound common-sense principles. The advice to performers, with which he prefaces his more technical descriptions, as to their deportment and the general plan of their entertainment, may be read with advantage by many who appear before the public with much more serious pretensions. The conjuror must so time his entertainment as to run no risk of tiring his audience; he is to go *de plus fort en plus fort*, making each trick more startling than the last. He is to exhibit a perpetual flow of good spirits, and a genial manner, though never overstepping the limits of good taste. He is never to acknowledge a breakdown, but to make up for the failure by coolness, animation, and dash; and by inventing expedients and displaying redoubled dexterity, so as to lead the audience to believe that the trick was intended to end as it has done. In all that he says and everything that he does he must so enter into the spirit of the part he is playing as to believe for the moment in his own fictitious statements. He should never descend to affected clumsiness, or to excessive gesticulation to cover his operations, but should rely upon his own dexterity and familiarity with his art; and, lastly, he should always preserve a quiet and gentlemanlike demeanour. We have said that the illusions of legerdemain are not, strictly speaking, produced by mere *quickness* of hand. As the author says:—

A conjuror is not a juggler; he is an actor playing the part of a magician; an artist whose fingers have more need to move with deftness than with speed. I may even add that where sleight-of-hand is involved, the quieter the movement of the performer, the more readily will the spectator be deceived.

Sleight-of-hand is used in "vanishing" an object—that is, removing it imperceptibly from the sight of the audience, or, *vice versa*, in producing it in an unexpected place. Of course the nature of the operation employed differs for different things, as coins, cards, watches, &c. The *Secrets of Conjuring* contains full directions for these processes, but the amateur will find that they are not to be acquired, any more than any other art, without long and patient practice. Other requisites for the skilful conjuror are a practical acquaintance with *feints*, *temps*, the use of the eye, "patter," and other matters of which the uninitiated reader can have no conception. A *feint* is described as a means of giving

the utmost possible appearance of reality to an action which, in truth, we only make believe to perform. Thus, for instance, suppose it necessary to place a coin on the left hand, the performer should, by force of address, exhibit in so doing such an appearance of reality that the spectator cannot distinguish the smallest difference between the counterfeit and the real action.

A *temps* is

the opportune moment for effecting a given disappearance or the like, unknown to the spectators. In this case the act or movement which constitutes the *temps* is specially designed to divert the attention of the spectator to some point more or less remote from that at which the trick is actually worked. For example, the conjuror will ostentatiously place some article on one corner of the table at which he is performing, while the left hand gets possession of some object to be subsequently produced. Again, a mere tap of the wand on any spot will infallibly draw the eyes of the whole company in the same direction.

These *feints* and *temps* are the very essence of the method employed by most Spiritualist mediums, and it is for this reason that we call attention to them. In the performances of such conjurors as Hermann, Frikel the Elder, and Hellis (a consummate artist who performs too little in public), there is no fear of the audience losing the pleasure of the entertainment by detecting the *feint*; but in the so-called manifestations of bunglers of the Slade, Herne, and Williams "medium" class, if the public were on the look out for *temps*, the ranks of the Spiritualists would be diminished by thousands. To have a good eye—*avoir de l'œil*—is also indispensable to the conjuror; he

relies on the direction of his own glance to carry conviction to the spectators. If he announces, for instance, that he is about to pass a coin or other article to a given spot—although he knows better than any one the falsity of his own assertions—his eyes, notwithstanding, follow the article in its pretended journey, precisely as they would do if the fact alleged were genuine; thus conveying the idea that he himself is the dupe of his own assertions.

The "patter," or, as the French call it, the *boniment*, with which the performer accompanies a trick may seem at first sight an indifferent matter; but M. Robert Houdin discusses it in so serious a light, and, indeed, reduces it to such scientific principles, that, after reading his chapter on the subject, we begin to see that "patter" is a most important thing in itself, and applicable to many "tricks" besides those of the conjuror. "This *boniment* or

patter is the story told by the performer, the discourse, the speech, the settled form of words, in fact the *mise-en-scène* with which we dress up a conjuring trick in order to give it an appearance of reality." The story should contain the semblance of truth, it should be discreetly worded, and it should put the matter in a totally different light from that in which the audience would otherwise probably regard it. It is highly useful to have some general principles laid down by such a master of the art as Robert Houdin for the composition of *boniment* appropriate to diverse occasions. The husband returning home rather late from his club, and performing the often too difficult experiment of candle-lighting or watch-winding; the youth returning from college with bills that he would fain make a *temps* for "producing"; the philanthropist appealing to the pocket of the obdurate capitalist; the Minister who wishes to "vanish" a deputation—how difficult it is for these and many people similarly situated to find the appropriate *boniment*! "Moreau Sainte, the well-known actor of the opera," says R. Houdin, "was a very skilful amateur conjuror. He possessed, in particular, the faculty of making even trifling matters effective by means of his patter. No one knew better than he how to conciliate popular favour by witty and appropriate speeches." It appears, then, that the same kind of training is required to make a conjuror as to make a statesman, though the obvious reflection at once suggests itself that some statesmen are no conjurors. We remember a certain judge, afterwards a Lord Chancellor, once sentencing a prisoner to transportation, heedless of the culprit's appeals to mercy for the sake of his starving wife and children. On learning subsequently that he had only the power of inflicting a term of imprisonment, his Lordship called the prisoner back and said:—"Prisoner at the bar, I have reflected upon your appeal on behalf of your destitute family, and, although you should have thought of their welfare before yielding to the temptation which has placed you in a criminal's dock, I am inclined to take a more merciful view of the case, and to remit the sentence of transportation for one of two years imprisonment with hard labour." How much more appropriate was this *boniment* than if the learned Judge had simply said in conjuring parlance, "I have here a heavy sentence, which, as it is illegal, I am about to change into a lighter one!" It is only fair to the honourable and learned men who compose the English Bench to say that this story, which most of the elder members at least of the legal profession will recognize as perfectly true, is exceptional; and that our Judges, as a rule, are not ashamed to own the fact if for once they should make a technical mistake, which, however slight in itself, is of grave importance to the prisoner.

The detailed descriptions of the tricks themselves, although most ingenious and interesting, we need not mention particularly here. It is enough to say that, if the amateur desires to perform "drawing-room tricks" with coins, cards, &c., to manipulate the mysterious "cups and balls," or to produce cannon-balls, gold-fish in bowls of water, or other bulky articles from improbable places, M. Robert Houdin's work furnishes him with all the necessary particulars. The chapter on card-tricks is most instructive and suggestive, but it is a most embarrassing accomplishment to be able at *écarté*, for instance, to provide oneself with five winning trumps and a king by way of a turn-up. We venture to say that the American "poker" player who held "a straight flush and an ace in his boot" would be "nowhere" to the careful student of M. Houdin's work. Even those who do not aspire to become conjurors themselves may read the book with profit; and although the revelations it contains may make the performances of a good conjuror henceforward less marvellous in their eyes, yet, having once learnt to appreciate the difficulties and refinements of the art, the exhibition of a good trick well performed will give them real pleasure, as being a genuine *tour de force* involving the possession of most of the qualities that make the real artist. Professor Hoffmann, the translator, already well known by his own treatise on "Modern Magic," which was reviewed in these columns on its appearance, has done his work well; the translation is idiomatic and correct, and the difficult and obscure passages are explained and illustrated by concise and apposite notes. In translating a technical work of this kind there are many stumbling-blocks, and it is no small praise to say that Herr Hoffmann has avoided them all. Robert Houdin's language is very clear, and always to the point, and this peculiarity (for, unfortunately, it is a peculiarity in manuals) Professor Hoffmann has admirably followed in his version. As a specimen of what a scientific manual ought to be, apart from the interest attaching to the subject-matter, *The Secrets of Conjuring and Magic* is well worth reading; while to those who wish to learn the magic art, it contains all that is requisite to instruct a neophyte in the principles and practice of the profession.

BLACKIE'S WISE MEN OF GREECE.*

MR. TOM TAYLOR has in the course of his life both taught Greek and written blank verse, and therefore Professor Blackie may find a certain appropriateness in dedicating to him a book of blank verse about early Greek philosophers. We do not feel so certain as apparently Professor Blackie does that Mr. Tom Taylor's recent "character and efficiency as a literary man" have been of a sort especially fitted to make him a good judge of the

* *The Wise Men of Greece, in a Series of Dramatic Dialogues.* By John Stuart Blackie. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

dedicator's work. We should, indeed, attach much value to his opinion whether a given English book was readable or not. But this unfortunately is just the point which has not occurred to Professor Blackie as material to be considered. So we gather from the "Epistle Dedicatory" which sets forth his purpose and plan, when we compare it with the execution which follows. Professor Blackie says, truly enough, that "few persons, even of the best educated," know much of the pre-Socratic leaders of Greek speculation. Hence the undertaking which he thus describes:—

What I have attempted is to give the general reading public, so far as they may care for wisdom, a living concrete notion of what the thought of Thales was in his day to the society of Miletus: what Pythagoras, with his school of moral discipline, was to Crotona: Xenophanes to Colophon, and so with the rest. And, as what we know of the pre-Socratic philosophy in Greece exists only in the shape of scattered notices and a few fragments, it appeared to me that the natural way of making these imperfect remains interesting was to follow the example of the architects, who restore a ruined edifice in the original style by the clear indication of its ruins; and, in order to do this two things were necessary, an accurate study of the fragments, and a sympathetic appreciation of the soul by which the fragments were originally animated.

There is a rather grave omission here. A third thing is no less needed, if the fruits of knowledge and sympathy are to be effectually communicated to the multitude. Whoever writes a book for the purpose of interesting people in an unfamiliar subject must before all things make it readable; and if he chooses to write it in verse, he must also make it poetical. Now we cannot honestly say that these dialogues are, as a whole, either poetical or readable. There are various excellent works on the History of Philosophy, by whose help all men who are seriously minded to learn about Thales or Anaxagoras may learn to their heart's content; and if Professor Blackie's intention is to stir up intelligent interest in a class of readers to whom philosophy at first hand, or even in a history, is a sealed book, we cannot think it likely to be successful.

It is this sort of reader that we have in mind when we say the book is, as a whole, not readable. The scholar who can test its faithfulness to the originals may no doubt find some interest in reading it as a curiosity—just as he might if it were written in Greek. This, however, is not the sort of interest which Professor Blackie aims at producing, at least if we are to take his professions literally. It may be observed that a similar illusion or disappointment is the fate of the vast majority of our translations from the classics. Except the few which have themselves taken the rank of English classics, we suspect that even the most meritorious of them could show but a very moderate proportion of readers who take them up simply because they wish to know the contents of an original to them inaccessible, and to enjoy in their mother-tongue what they cannot master in the poet's own speech. Then there is another difficulty which belongs more specially to the matter in hand. There is no more delicate or slippery task than to set forth the doctrines of ancient thinkers in a way that is intelligible to modern auditors and at the same time that does not import into the statement of them more or less of notions, reasonings, conclusions, and consequences, which are in truth exclusively modern. Not even a translator can always avoid this pitfall, and how much greater is the danger when an enthusiastic teacher paraphrases from his general impressions! The temptation is immense to pick out and set in their best light such fragments as may be construed into a foretaste of later discovery or speculation. There are hints of the survival of the fittest in Lucretius, and one passage which, with a little aid from the reader's imagination, might pass muster for a prophecy of the Conservation of Energy. We could even undertake to find the undulatory theory of light in Æschylus. We come on a brilliant saying, and are moved to ask whether the world has really learnt so much since man first became conscious of his specific character as "the restless cause-hunting animal." Fancies of this kind will not deceive the scholar, but they may well deceive others; and for the scholar himself the illusion is pleasant and not always easy to keep at arm's length. It needs a stern positive effort of thought to realize to oneself the unbounded crudity, the gross materialism, of the physical theories laid down as the foundation of all the early Greek systems. It needs another effort to remember that the distinction between physics and metaphysics was then unheard of. And it is not only in dealing with pre-Socratic schools that we have thus to be on our guard. Most educated persons know that the Stoics taught a lofty morality; only students of philosophy know that they believed the soul to be made of a finer kind of matter, and the whole history of the world to be repeated, point for point, in recurring cycles. Now a book like Professor Blackie's may do something to dispel illusions of this kind, or it may take the smoother and more attractive course of fostering them. This last, it seems to us, Professor Blackie has done. The story goes that Empedocles bettered his countrymen's estate by draining pestilential marshes; a good and fitting theme for poetic praise. Now see what Professor Blackie takes occasion to put into his mouth:—

EMPEDOCLES.

Men could know much,
And more than much, if, having eyes to see,
They saw, and, having thoughtful organs, thought.
You have a river that flows by your town?

SENATOR.

Ay, the Selinus, creeping through a marsh,
Smothered in mud, and coated with a web
Of lazy bubbles, happy paradise
Of newts and adders, and the Museful frogs!

EMPEDOCLES.

Ay! lazy bubbles; but most quick to breed
The subtle poison that with viewless teeth
Tears the fine tissue of the tenuous thread
Which mortals call their life. This lucid air,
Which shows so pure, and fair, and innocent,
Is a wide sea, where oft-times there may swim
To mortal eye invisible, thick swarms
Of harmful things, whose hostile essence holds
No parley with the fleshly frame of man,
But through the avenues of our breath will walk
Into the temple of stout breasts, and steal
The god from out the shrine. On your green pools
The bubble bursts, and winged death flies round
Thick as the thistle down o'er stubby fields,
Before the autumnal breeze.

This is not the Greek Empedocles; it is the British improver of Empedocles, fresh from the Transactions of learned Societies and the latest phase of the germ theory. What Empedocles did think on one or two subjects bearing upon the origin of life appears from some fragments not used by Professor Blackie. He conjectured that nature, in her earlier and less happy efforts, brought forth disjointed parts of bodies which wandered about vainly looking for their complements—arms without shoulders, and eyes in want of faces.

Here, again, is a piece of discussion between Xenophanes and an objector, which has far too strong a smack of more recent controversies:—

The gods, you say, taught men to cleave the clod,
And strew the genial seed; and Semele's son
Trod Earth in triumph, making rocks to blaze,
With the vine's purple grace—mere idle tales!
For thus you make the gods bad schoolmasters,
As knowing not that scholars are best taught,
When taught to teach themselves. Who learns to swim,
Unschool'd in wavy water? Who to think
Except by use of thinking? What a man
With shaping thought and hand may for himself
No god will for him. Human wit is slow,
Stumbling nine times for one firm footing gained,
But still made strong by striving, and sharp-eyed
To find the light through darkness and distress
By time and toil, and Reason's happy guess.

The following lines, again, are delivered by Anaxagoras:—

There are who talk of puissant circumstance,
Fine combinations, born of dateless time,
Formative forces, self-evolving laws,
Consistent sequence, and perdurant form,
From chanceful-falling dice; but these are fools,
Who please their ears with pomp of cunning phrase,
As strange to reason and the law of thought
As is the mumbled shibboleth of a creed
To God-discerning piety.

There is considerable verbal impropriety in making a Greek philosopher talk of the "shibboleth of a creed"; but a graver objection is that the whole tone of the passage is modern. "Self-evolving laws" does not correspond to any phrase or idea which Anaxagoras could possibly have used. In dealing with Plato Professor Blackie has, indeed, steered clear enough of this danger, having so full a text to work from that there could be no question of expansion. He has stuck to his text, and the result is—what might be expected of such a task undertaken by any but a great poet—a rather dry paraphrase in moderately good verse of some of the most wonderful prose ever written. The death of Socrates, as told in the *Phædo*, is unrivalled by any narrative of the same kind in history or fiction, and the splendid fancies of the *Phædrus* and the *Symposium* have defied all imitators. Best of all is to read Plato in his own Greek; next best is to read him in a good translation, such as is not wanting, we believe, in any of the principal modern languages. Versifying Plato seems to us about as rational an occupation for a scholar as turning the Book of Job into Latin hexameters, which, for aught we know, some ingenious person may ere now have done to his own great satisfaction. Why did not Professor Blackie's sincere reverence for Plato counsel him to leave Plato alone? He has fared better with the Socrates of Xenophon. But here an opposite doubt arises; whether, as the hero and prophet of the Platonic Dialogues is too high and sacred to be thus handled, the wise man of Xenophon's memoir is not too familiar and prosaic. According to Professor Blackie, the book is too little read. We are rather surprised to hear of the *Memorabilia* as a little-known book. If it be so, however, the surest remedy would be to translate it afresh. If Professor Blackie would undertake that not very arduous task, he would earn unqualified thanks from all men, and do much more to make Englishmen acquainted with Socrates than by writing any number of dramatic dialogues.

All these objections, and more also, might no doubt be removed by the sheer force of poetic genius. It is impossible to say beforehand what a great poet can or cannot do, and M. Victor Hugo has in our own time produced astonishing results with themes which no writer of less power could have safely touched. But Professor Blackie is not a great poet; he is an enthusiastic scholar who has read much poetry and has a good vocabulary, which is a very different matter. Dramatic genius, again, or rather dramatizing genius in a wider sense, might have made something even of such meagre notions as we have of the lives and ways of these early Greek sages. But there is no sign of such genius here; the dialogues are dramatic only in form. The minor persons come on chiefly to ask leading questions or to set up ninepins for the wise man to knock down. In the case of Empedocles alone is there any attempt at action; and the most that comes of that is to send us back to *Empedocles on Etna*, and

set us thinking how much finer as English literature, how much truer to Greek feeling, Mr. Matthew Arnold's poem is, and how much more it is likely to bring home to the reader, albeit without any profession of accurately reproducing the fragments, the human interest of the early philosophers' work, and the identity of their ultimate problems with those which baffle us to this day.

The delicately harmonious lyrics of Mr. Arnold's *Empedocles* have not much direct bearing on our present subject; but they remind us by contrast that in one point Professor Blackie has committed something worse than failure. He has now and then sought to enliven the blank verse by introducing choruses. In the middle of Thales's discourse there "enter in rank and file distinguished citizens of Miletus, the priests of Poseidon, the marine Aphrodite, the Didymean Apollo, and other local gods." Then a chorus of boys and girls does honour to Poseidon in this wise:—

God of the waters, Poseidon the mighty,
Lording the brine with thy queen Amphitrite,
Brother of Kronos Supreme,
Zoning the globe with thy slumberless current,
Scouring the rock with thy sharp-hissing torrent,
Ruling in flood and in stream,
Hear from the hall where the blue waves ride o'er thee,
Hear from the cave where the sea-nymphs adore thee,
Brother of Kronos Supreme!

Hercules, again, being at Ephesus, nothing can be more natural than to bring on a procession with a hymn to Diana of the Ephesians:—

Hail to the Queen of the vasty creation,
Hail to the fountain of joy and of life,
The goddess that loves the Ionian nation,
The maker of peace, and the soother of strife!
Hail to the virtue with various names,
Whom country from country in rivalry claims!
We worship Thee, worshipful Virgin and Mother.
Thou art the Queen, and we know of none other:
Jove is thy sire, and the Sun is thy brother,
Holy Artemis, mighty mother!

If either Poseidon at Miletus or Artemis at Ephesus had ears, worship chanted in such measures can have brought little good to the worshippers. Our ears, at least, straitly command us to use plain-speaking, and declare that the dulllest and feeblest days of English verse never brought forth a more detestable jingle than these lines. Professor Blackie's blank verse is not very artistic, but there is no offence in it. His lyrics are simply intolerable. If he would know how to reproduce to English ears something like what a Greek chorus may have been, there is only one sure way; and whether it is a possible one to Professor Blackie we know not, for we are disposed to guess that Mr. Swinburne is an abomination to him. Be that as it may, the verses we have last quoted (with two pages like unto them) are a perfect example of what to avoid in their kind; those who seek a pattern will find it in *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Erechtheus*.

We are sorry to have to pronounce Professor Blackie's book a failure, as one always is in the case of a writer who has done good work and earned fair fame in other ways. But when a man not only (like some early Greek philosophers) thinks he knows everything, but also (unlike Greek philosophers, who learnt poetry betimes as part of their education) supposes that the communication of his knowledge in a poetical form comes by nature, little else than failure can be the result.

A LAGGARD IN LOVE.*

AMONG the many lovers who crowd the pages of Mrs. Pender Cudlip's novel it is not very easy to see who is meant by the Laggard in Love. The hero certainly is so far a laggard that he does not get married till the close of the third volume; but then what hero ever did marry earlier? He is more or less in love with two women for the whole of the story; and, though he does marry the younger of the two, yet only twelve pages from the end he was on the point of marrying the elder. She was not only engaged to him, but was "superbly happy," as she was close upon her wedding day; while to her younger rival had been "relegated the care" of the hero's father, "the maniac Sir Oliver Galton." This marriage, as we have implied, was broken off; but the hero, though he had, as we have said, but twelve pages left him, yet managed to get married to the other lady in that brief space. Such a man as this is scarcely to be reproached with being a Laggard in Love. The Young Lochinvar himself was very little quicker in bringing about his match; and, though he boasted generally of his success among the maidens in Scotland, he never gave any proof that he had, like Rowley Galton, more than one woman in love with him at the same time. So numerous, indeed, are the lovers in this story, and so confused is the love-making, that we soon found ourselves under the necessity, if we were to follow the plot with any clearness, of drawing up a kind of scheme or programme to which we could refer from time to time. As it will help our readers, and Mrs. Cudlip's readers moreover, to understand the tale, we shall not hesitate to give it. It is as follows:—

The Dowager Lady Galton, a young widow, in love with Mr. Rowley Galton, only son of Sir Oliver Galton, Baronet.

Miss Alice Adair also in love with Mr. Rowley Galton.

Mr. Rowley Galton in love with the Dowager Lady Galton and Miss Adair.

* *A Laggard in Love*. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip). 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1877.

Sir Oliver Galton formerly in love with the Dowager Lady Galton's mother, Mrs. Fane, but jilted by her.

Mr. Cairn really in love with the Dowager Lady Galton, but supposed by the Dowager Lady Galton's mother to be in love with her (Mrs. Fane).

Mr. Wallace Adair in love with the Dowager Lady Galton, but married to Miss Rhoda Norris, in order to spite the Dowager Lady Galton.

Mr. Grainger in love with the Dowager Lady Galton, supposed to be in love with Miss Rhoda Norris, but married to Miss Grace Galton.

Mr. Albert Fane in love with Miss Alice Adair.

Miss Lowder in love with Mr. Albert Fane.

Miss Rhoda Norris in love with Mr. Grainger, but married to Mr. Wallace Adair.

The Dowager Lady Galton must evidently have had very uncommon attractions thus to have had all the chief characters in the book in love with her. Mr. Albert Fane was her brother, or no doubt he would have been in love also. Her eyes, indeed, were of a kind unusual even in a heroine; for, though in page 103 of the first volume we find the hero saying, "I'd rather have a smile from her hazel eyes than a gift from a queen," in page 266 of the same volume we read that she tied "a thick veil over her face so as to temper the expression of her earnest violet eyes." The poor hero, so far as we are told, had himself to be content with a pair of "soft tawny eyes" to the end of the story. The author might surely in his case also have indulged in a little variety. When she had gone so far as "tawny eyes," why should she not go a step further, and in the next volume give him a pair of black and tan eyes? We do not in the least object to this change of colour in the heroine's eyes. It not only provides a pleasing variety in a narrative that was otherwise dull, but also it is in keeping with the tricks the author plays with the weather. For instance, in the third volume we have Albert Fane "gathering one morning more roses than Annie (the Dowager Lady Galton) knows well how to dispose of." There are certainly a few roses still to be found in late autumn; but we are surprised to find a few pages further on that on this very day "the leaves are in greater abundance on the ground than on the trees; but they are going to decay gorgeously in crimson and gold." The air, moreover, was "crisp and clear." That same day, the hero with the soft tawny eyes proposes to the heroine with the earnest violet eyes that are also hazel. The lovers are sitting at the time on a convenient bench at the end of a turfied glade. It would not be surprising if they had felt a little chilly from natural causes; but nature has very little to do with the shivers and the shudders of a modern heroine. "The crisp air seems to grow heavier, a shadow falls athwart the sun, a chill creeps into the atmosphere, and, with a shudder, Annie feels impelled to break the dear spell which has been cast over her." It is scarcely worth while to stop to ask what is the difference between the air and the atmosphere, or how a shadow can fall athwart the sun. The author scarcely pretends to be describing nature. Her heroine is not going to sneeze. She has not taken a chill, nor will she have in the evening to sit with her feet in hot water and mustard. She is having a presentiment, or she is warned, to use the words that the author herself uses in another passage, by "the mysterious sense which for want of a better name we call intuition." But to return to the crisp air which had so suddenly grown heavier, and to the atmosphere into which the chill had crept. By the time that the presentiment or intuition was fairly over we find the weather greatly improved, and come upon an artist "pursuing his art in the pure strong autumnal air." The weather goes on steadily improving as evening comes on, and five o'clock tea is served up on the lawn, "in an impervious bower of foliage of a restful, mediæval green hue." When tea was over the hero and Alice remained sitting out in the garden for nearly a whole chapter. The other heroine, Annie, returns to her shuddering, and says to her brother:—"I feel as if I had done something that would bring an awful calamity upon me." Next Alice has her turn. "You're as white as a sheet, and you're shivering," says the hero to her. As no one but the heroines shuddered and shivered, it is clear that their chill was not due, as plain folks might imagine, to this five o'clock tea on the lawn on this day in late autumn. We must be exact, however. There was other shivering, though no one else shivered. Alice not only shivered herself, but she walked "along the avenue through the shivering autumn leaves." A few days afterwards the annual school treat in the adjoining village is given. One of the girls of the village had her hat "wreathed with scarlet poppies." There is a second out-of-doors tea, and it was not till "about eight o'clock that the mists of evening drove them in from the field to the school-house." This time the hero's sister shudders, but not on account of the chill. She had just said that she believed there was a curse on her father's house. "She shudders as she says it, and the dowager quivers sympathetically."

This shivering, shuddering, and sympathetic quivering, these presentiments and intuitions, do not, the reader can easily believe, go for nothing. If the mountain was in labour it was not to give birth to a mouse. The hero's father, who was "a dangerous maniac," hated the Dowager Lady Galton because her mother had jilted him years before. One day he slips away from his keeper and surprises her in the park by the side of a lake. The hero and some others hasten to help her, for "a cry of such wrath and anguish that it seems to silence every other sound in nature is borne to them by the terrified breeze that comes up from the lake to meet them." The breeze had only too much reason to be terrified and to come up from the lake to meet the assistance that was hastening down; for by the lake bank was Annie's insensible form in "the vice-like grip of the chattering,

grinning maniac." But here our pen cannot do justice to this terrific scene, and we shall let our author speak for herself:—

It is a sight to blast the vision and to paralyze the nerves of a lover of our species. Sir Oliver is endowed with the strength, ferocity, and agility of a gorilla, as he bounds about close to the edge of the lake, with the helpless woman his son loves in his arms. And Rowley's strength is as the strength of ten as he closes in, and, casting all filial considerations aside, brings all the science he knows to bear on the blows he deals at his father.

Annie "opens her eyes at last." Whether it is her hazel eyes or her violet eyes we are not told. However, hazel or violet makes little difference, for she at once falls into "wild fits of weeping and paroxysms of fearful yells," and passes the rest of her days in a lunatic asylum. Her case was indeed hard. She had not only the most remarkable pair of eyes in the world, she had not only lived through the most remarkable late autumn ever known, but she was engaged to a hero with soft tawny eyes, who already easily made 3,000*l.* a year as a Civil Service tutor, and who on his father's death would come into "the freedom and ease, the glory and greatness of a position that is adorned by the title of a baronet, and supported by a rent-roll of sixteen thousand a year." Such a hero could not long remain unmarried, nor did he, as we have already said. Everything went easily with him. He had first been in love with Annie, but she had married Sir Rowley Galton for his money. Thereupon he had fallen in love with Alice. When old Sir Rowley died, and almost before he was buried, he had fallen out of love with Alice and into love with Annie. When Annie was put into the lunatic asylum he had only to fall out of love with her once more and into love again with Alice, and there was a wife ready for him.

We cannot but admire the author for the frankness with which, in bringing in "intuition," that favourite word of all female novelists, she says she uses it "for want of a better name." We could on such a plea pardon her and her fellow-writers many a strange use of words. For instance, the artist in this story is described as painting a girl watching a pair of lovers. The girl has, of course, a form, and a form that no doubt deserved description. What Mrs. Cudlip means by "a graceful writhing form" we cannot guess. But, if she had only added, "that which for want of a better name I call her graceful writhing form," we should then have thought it an impertinence on our part even to try to guess. "Spasm" is one of those words which, for want of a better name, she uses somewhat strangely. Thus we have in this one book "a joyful spasm," "a spasm of extravagance," and "a spasm of astonishment." We have a man "grumbling supinely as he sits," and "the heavy cross of a combustible peevishness" laid on another man. We have "the humdrum intangible claims of a girl," and "an unsubstantial halo in art and song." Mrs. Cudlip and all other novelists shall not be censured by us for thus writing nonsense if only they will plead their poverty and frankly admit in each case that they use their favourite terms merely because they have no better at their command.

CHISHOLM'S WEIGHING AND MEASURING.*

OF late years public attention has been more or less directed to the question of weights and measures by discussions on the introduction of the metric system. Mr. Chisholm's little work comes opportunely, while the question is still open, to give some much-needed information on a subject in which the whole community is interested. Few persons have any idea of the difficulties attending the construction of standards of the degree of accuracy demanded by the requirements of a civilized community. Actual measurements, whether of length or weight, in terms of a chosen standard, can be made with marvellous precision; but, if the standard be once lost, its recovery can only be effected by the help of copies which had previously been compared with it, or by recurring to the natural standard from which it was in the first instance derived. In either case complicated corrections depending on the circumstances under which the respective comparisons were made must be applied to the crude results, and it is here that one great source of uncertainty arises. Thus, in comparing two pound weights, allowance must be made for the difference in the weight of air displaced by each, and this requires a determination of their respective densities and rates of expansion as well as of the temperature at which the weighing takes place. This is a much more serious difficulty than might at first sight be supposed. The chief requisite in a standard is permanence, and the metal which best satisfies this condition is platinum. But for the ordinary purposes of commerce brass is the metal in general use, and such weights would displace about two-thirds of a grain more air than the much denser, and consequently smaller, platinum standard. Thus, if a brass pound were made to weigh exactly the same as the platinum pound *in vacuo*, it would appear to weigh two-thirds of a grain light in ordinary air. Due allowance must be made for this difference, for the weighings take place in air, whilst the standard pound is defined to be the weight *in vacuo*.

However, all these difficulties were successfully overcome by Professor Miller, who undertook the task of restoring the standard pound which had been destroyed in the fire of the Houses of Parliament. The process was rendered a little more troublesome by

the circumstance that the lost standard was a troy pound, whilst the new unit was to be the pound avoirdupois. But by means of two platinum standards which had been carefully compared with the old pound some years before the fire, a new auxiliary troy pound was constructed of platinum, and its weight found in terms of the lost standard. The two determinations only differed by 1-5000th of a grain or one twenty-five millionth of the whole weight, and the new avoirdupois standard founded on this differed from its calculated weight by only one-thousandth of a grain. This was considered to be as close an approximation as the circumstances allowed. Nothing like this degree of accuracy can be attained in the construction of the kilogram from a natural standard—namely, the weight of a cubic decimetre of water. Different determinations of this natural unit differ by more than twelve grains, a circumstance which is hardly to be wondered at when the difficulties of the operation are considered. A solid cylinder had to be constructed and its volume inferred from measurements of the height and base, the whole proceeding on the assumption that the body was a perfect cylinder, a condition very difficult of attainment. The weight of the water displaced by this cylinder was then determined by weighing it in air and in water. We must refer the reader who wishes to form an adequate conception of the refinements necessary in such operations to the excellent account given by Mr. Chisholm. Notwithstanding all the precautions adopted, the result is subject to an uncertainty of three or four grains, which is far too large an error to be tolerated even in a commercial standard. The determination of the length of the metre, which is defined to be the ten-millionth part of that quadrant of the earth which passes through Paris, was hardly more successful. Only a small portion of the earth's surface could be measured, and though this operation was performed with considerable accuracy by means of a careful trigonometrical survey, the whole process depends on the assumption that the earth is a perfect spheroid. As a matter of fact, results of numerous surveys executed of late years show that differences in the densities of various strata of the earth's crust affect the direction of gravity, and, as a consequence, disturb the regularity of the level surface which is everywhere perpendicular to the plumb-line. Thus the natural standard turns out to be no better for accurate purposes than a badly divided yard of which only one or two inches could be measured. According to the best recent determination of the dimensions of the earth, the French metre is about 1-160th of an inch too long, whilst the probable error in the redetermination of our standard yard was less than one hundredth part of this amount. It was on these grounds that the Committee appointed to restore the lost standards recommended that all reference to natural standards, such as the length of the seconds' pendulum and the weight of a cubic inch of distilled water, should be given up as illusory. Their labours were thus confined to reproducing as accurately as possible the lost standards. The Standards' Commission, with the Astronomer-Royal as chairman, sat for thirteen years, completing their task in 1854. It was not, however, till 1866 that our system of weights and measures was put on a satisfactory basis by the creation of the Standards' Department under the direction of Mr. Chisholm as Warden of the Standards. Due provision is now made for the care of four Parliamentary copies of the standard yard and pound, so that in case of accident to the present standards there will be no difficulty in supplying their place. The history of the whole transaction as given by Mr. Chisholm will be found instructive in many ways.

We must not omit a brief notice of Mr. Chisholm's interesting account of the origin of the standards in use throughout Europe. The foot and the pound are found in every country, and have evidently been derived directly from the Romans. But they can claim a far higher antiquity, for Mr. Chisholm traces their origin to the Babylonians or Chaldeans, who, as units of length, used both the cubit and the foot. These were subsequently adopted by the Egyptians, who introduced considerable variety, so that there is no little confusion between the different kinds of cubit and foot. The natural cubit, of about eighteen inches, and the foot, which was two-thirds of this length, were transferred to Greece; and, the cubit having fallen into disuse, the foot became the ordinary standard of the Romans. At the same time the double cubit, which was equivalent to three feet, would appear to have survived in the form of the ell of mediæval Europe and in that of our own yard. As all these measures were originally derived from the proportions of the human body, some caution is necessary in referring their origin to remote antiquity rather than directly to the length of the forearm or of the foot. It must be admitted, however, that the coincidence of length amongst all civilized nations is very striking. The derivation of the pound weight is more complicated. The earlier Tower pound appears to have been of Roman origin, being presumably identical with the Greek-Asiatic mina; whilst the hundredweight corresponded to the talent or weight of a cubic foot of water. Subsequently the troy pound was substituted; and, for commercial transactions, the pound avoirdupois, from the old French pound of sixteen ounces. It is evident, however, that our weights and measures in the dark ages were in an unsettled state and subject to arbitrary alterations at the will of the monarch. The advance in civilization of a people may well be traced in their weights and measures, and in this connexion Mr. Chisholm's excellent little book is peculiarly interesting.

* *Nature Series.—On the Science of Weighing and Measuring and Standards of Measure and Weight.* By H. W. Chisholm, Warden of the Standards. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

BOX'S ENGLISH GAME OF CRICKET.*

IT was scarcely necessary to introduce the word "English" into the title of this book, unless, indeed, the compiler looked abroad for its largest circulation. The game is so entirely our own that none but foreigners would ever think of calling it anything but "cricket." Deep-rooted and wide-spreading, it is a distinctly national institution, full of vigour and vitality, and it is interesting to note how sharply the line is drawn between the countries that play and those that do not. What country but England could point to such a record as we saw this autumn in a single page of a weekly paper, of scattered citizens cricketing in Canada, Nova Scotia, Besika Bay, Brazil, Zanzibar, India, and Japan? None but the English-speaking races will tolerate the game, and not even all these, for Americans steadily refuse to let it interfere with their national game of base-ball. But it is not lines of latitude that determine the area of play. Canada is not too chilly, nor India too hot, for English settlers to plant their wickets; yet it is not easy to picture under similar temperature a cricket-match between Swedes and Russians, or Spaniards and Italians. Their natures are too phlegmatic or too excitable, too unbending or too luxurious, to appreciate the keen delights of a close and well-contested game; they fail to combine the essentials of skill, endurance, and activity, and are content with "pallone" and bull-fights. English children of the tenderest age take to cricket as ducks to water; given a small bat and tiny ball, and we behold cricket in its infancy faithfully reproduced, for what were its germs but the club and ball of the ancient "Stool-ball"?

Mr. Box announces that one great object in his compilation has been to prove that cricket is of English origin. Its early traces are so obscure, and the fragments of information so scanty, that he has even thought it requisite to his purpose to write a long chapter of negations merely because no direct evidence could be procured. We cannot attach the same value that he does to these preliminary chapters on ancient history and obsolete pastimes, and are inclined to think them not only unnecessary, but an incumbrance to the book. Mr. Box does not intend his work to be regarded as a history, because "the bulk of paper necessary for such a purpose would be out of all proportion to the real value of the printed composition." Here again we differ with him. A History of Cricket is the very thing that was wanted, and we should have thought that Mr. Box with his ready pen and inexhaustible stock of information on the subject was specially qualified to supply such a want. It would in no way have interfered with the great work on cricket scores which is being published under M.C.C. authority, and which, without having reached the doings of the last twenty years, has already filled eight volumes; but Mr. Box admits that "it is far easier to compile a big book, with plenty of materials of a mixed and common order, than to write a compact, readable, and useful one," and he has evidently allotted to himself the easier task. Outwardly the book is splendidly got up in blue and gold, like a volume of "Selections from the Poets," and is more suitable for the drawing-room table than for the haunts of cricketers; inwardly, it is a very *pot pourri* of cricket, for it probably contains every word, jest, song, and poem that was ever uttered in praise of the game. Unfortunately there is no trace of the master's pruning-knife, and the main stem is choked with undergrowth.

Chapter XXI., under the heading of "School and Village Matches—Theories of Bowling," is made up of extracts from various writers, and remarks on bowling. The All Muggleton and Dingley Dell match, by Charles Dickens, is there, quoted in full from the *Pickwick Papers*, and so are Miss Mitford's feminine impressions on a country cricket-match, taken from *Our Village*. There are some other extracts also—"An Editor's Description of a Match at Bombay," and a "List of Wandering Clubs"—but these are all brought into company without any introduction, and appear like the links of a chain lying unconnected side by side. Of the quotations with which the book abounds there is none more amusing than the account in a Lisbon newspaper of a match that was about to take place in that city:—

To-morrow there is to come off an interesting game of cricket match between the cricket clubs of Lisbon and Oporto. The object of the formation of these societies is its playing of the game of cricket-match; some active running, jumping, daring game, which can only be played by a person having a good pair of lungs, and in a climate where warmed punch is found insufficient to keep up the animal heat. Does the reader wish to know how to play at cricket match? Two posts are placed at a great distance from one another. The player close to one of these posts throws a large ball toward the other party, who awaits the ball to send it far with a small stick with which he is armed; the other players then run to look for the ball, and while this search is going on, the party who struck it runs incessantly from post to post marking one for each run. Sometimes it tumbles into a thicket, and the player does not cease running from post to post, and making points, when those who find the ball arrive exhausted at the field of battle, and the one who has been running falls down half dead. At other times the projectile, sent with a vigorous arm, cannot be stopped, and breaks the legs of the party who awaits it.

Mr. Box considers the third quarter of the nineteenth century the Augustan or golden age of cricket; and certainly, if the game may be judged by its popularity, its progress, and the development of skilful play, none will contradict him. Its growth in recent years is extraordinary, both in the standard of play and the creation of new clubs. Only years of practice and the gradual training of the hand and eye could have produced that precision of action

which in the accomplished batsman has become an instinct. And what a treat it is to lovers of cricket to see a man like Mr. W. G. Grace at the wicket, to watch his command over the ball, and to note the ease with which he places it in the field, as well as the natural grace and power of his movements! When he was in America, a Montreal newspaper wrote of his hitting capabilities:—"To see him tap the ball gently to the off for one, draw it to the on for two, pound it to the limits for four, drive it beyond the most distant long-leg for six, looks as easy as rolling off a log." Although his batting average for the present year is considerably lower than that of last year, he still has the highest, and, without doubt, remains the finest cricketer the world has yet seen. Notwithstanding this, we question whether he or any one else has ever equalled the feat of his elder brother at Canterbury in 1862. On that occasion the latter played on an emergency for the Gentlemen of Kent against M. C. C.; he went in first, scored 192 runs (not out), and got every wicket in the second innings.

County players into whose hands this book may fall will naturally turn to the chapters called "Glances at County Cricket," hoping to find a record of matches in which they have perhaps taken a prominent share. These chapters are headed with Shakspearian or other quotations, and open with the topographical features of the county and its area, together with a little general padding. Then will follow the earlier cricket history of the county; the report of a match in full, with half a page of remarks on it and the state of the weather; then perhaps the rules of the club; next, a list of the matches in one year, with their results (but no mention of the doings of the next two or three years); then a table of batting averages for one year, followed by another match or two in full, and some concluding remarks in which there is sure to be a joke or a moral. Those whom it concerns will naturally be disappointed at the capricious treatment of the doings of their county; mole-hills being turned into mountains, whilst the real mountains are either not there or are lost in a general mist. It is strange that Mr. Box, with all his intimacy with cricket, should show so little method and judgment, and should so conspicuously lack the power of discriminating between what is worth recording and what is not. A list of the matches in each year by one county against another would have been very useful for reference; but to devote fourteen pages of the chapter on Kent to the festivities of the Canterbury week, giving many of the scores in detail, and extracting at full length the epilogues spoken in the theatre, betrays a sad want of judgment. The actual record of matches, too, shows a caprice quite unintelligible, for they are given in three different degrees of fulness, certainly not regulated by their importance:—(1) in detail, with every individual score, and comments thereon; (2) in a list, in which each match is described shortly:—"Sheffield, July 13. Yorkshire v. Middlesex. Yorkshire, 162; Middlesex, 79 and 59—Total, 138. Yorkshire won by an innings and 24 runs"; (3) in brevissimo, as "1875. Ten matches; won six, lost three, drawn one."

Non-cricketers will probably turn to the chapters on the curiosities of cricket, but they will find that well-authenticated facts and traditional feats are all mixed up together, and consequently are valueless. The compiler says:—"Some of the statements are avouched by written authority, others are traditional, and perhaps have gathered a trifle in their float down the stream of time." This takes most of the gilt off the gingerbread. However, among the curiosities of cricket to which credence may be given is the marvellously rapid scoring of a Mr. Collins at Northwood in 1874 in a match against Freshwater, when he made 338 runs in a little more than three hours; this is testified to in a letter from the Secretary (or his brother) of the Northwood Cricket Club, who took part in the match. Such rapid scoring is, we believe, unprecedented; but no mention is made of "boundary" hits, and as there happens to be a hedge on one side of the ground parallel with the wickets, into which many balls are hit, and as four runs are allowed for all hits to the hedge, when many of them would, if run out, not realize more than two or three, it is obvious that much time was saved and the miracle shorn of some of its marvel. It is stated that a match was played between two Elevens at Earls Heaton in 1875, in which one side was disposed of in seventeen minutes without scoring at all. In a match between Bow and Chalcoett; the man who went in first for the latter club carried out his bat for 24, and no one else scored. The smallest scores on record in a county match were those of Leicestershire when playing against Notts in 1800, the former making 15 and 8. This reminds us of the match played only this year between M.C.C. and Oxford University, when the latter scored 12 runs in the first innings.

Ladies made their appearance in the cricket-field so long ago as 1797, when eleven married women of Bury beat eleven unmarried women by 80 notches. In the British Museum there is a sketch by Rowlandson of a match that took place in 1811 between two female Elevens of Surrey and Hampshire, for 500 guineas; and Mr. Box tells us that "the performers were of all ages and sizes, from fourteen to sixty; the young had slawls, and the old long cloaks. The match was won at three o'clock on the third day by the Hampshire Eleven, one of the latter making a score of 40 before she was thrown out." There is said to be a girls' school in Somersetshire where cricket is allowed, and where a special dress is worn for the purpose, and it is added that the best cricketers make the best scholars. The account of ladies' connexion with cricket is, however, very limited; for, with the exception of these particulars and two or three matches in 1823, and one in

* *The English Game of Cricket*. By Charles Box. London: "The Field" Office. 1877.

Australia in 1874, there is nothing else recorded of them. From gentle remarks overheard at Lord's during the University 'picnic' we should be inclined to think that ladies had not made much advance of recent years either in their appreciation or knowledge of cricket.

We have no wish to be hard upon this book, for it bears evidence of long and careful research, and we ought perhaps to be thankful for the vast amount of cricket brought within its compass. But herein lies our complaint. There is cricket and cricket, and this fact Mr. Box has failed to recognize while amassing so much that is at the same time valuable and worthless. If what appertains to cricket were thoroughly sifted and all else rejected, the book, though reduced to half its size, would gain in value. And if, further, the incessant anecdotes, the light gossip, and the copious extracts were to yield the space they occupy to some statistical information that has been omitted, and if one could see more of the judge and less of the moralist, the book might fairly lay claim to the title of *The (English) Game of Cricket*. No doubt one class of readers will find in it much to amuse them, but "it isn't cricket," and will not satisfy those for whom it may be supposed the book was written.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

CHRISTMAS very fortunately comes but once a year. When it comes it brings hosts of little books with which criticism cannot grapple. The Bibliophile Jacob, who has written so many bibliographies in his day, might shrink from attempting the bibliography of Christmas books. In addition to the more splendid or interesting publications which we have already noticed, a pile of more than one hundred volumes oppresses us as we write. The authors of good little books must try to bear this in mind if they receive but scanty notice. If Christmas books were reviewed every week during the whole course of the year, it might be possible to do them some measure of justice. As things stand, more than one of the hundred is likely to be lost in the crowd.

Album du Moyen-Age (Smith and Downes) is not precisely a book; but then we doubt whether Charles Lamb would not have called most of the works before us "books which are not books." The Album contains niches for photographs, and the margins are beautifully illustrated with designs from old illuminations. In the first page a lady with a very large red volume in her hand, and accompanied by a knight in armour, kneels before a crowned queen, in the midst of a pleasing landscape. This illumination is borrowed from a Paris MS. Another model has been found in Queen Mary's Psalter, others in French romances of the Arthurian cycle. The *Table des Matières* is written in French, and the world of men and women is presented in old-fashioned divisions. Thus, if you are happy enough to know a poet, or a musical young man who attends evening parties, you may insert his photograph among the Jongleurs. Officers in the army will find their place among the Paladins. Among travellers by land we have a king drawn in a waggon on the one hand, and on the other male and female strollers, like those in "The Rovers." The lady is refreshing herself from a flask of "this cherry bounce, that loved noyau." Fair sports-women will be glad to see their effigies on the page where a lady has launched her shaft which quivers between the horns of a stag and, we fear, rather spoils the head. Gymnasts may be amused by the sketch of a mock tournament from a Bodleian MS. Two men ride on the backs of two others, and charge in knightly fashion; one is in the act of losing his seat. This handsome and ingenious book will be worth study, even if the blank places are not filled up with the photographs of acquaintances.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus publish in a very pretty volume, *The Poems for Children* composed by Mary and Charles Lamb. Mr. Herne Shepherd is the editor of this edition, which is based on a solitary complete copy of the verses recovered in Australia. The *Critical Review* for October 1869 proudly declined "to criticize the merits or demerits of these trivial performances." The mere name of Charles Lamb now removes the trivial performances out of the list of Christmas books pure and simple.

Old and New London, Vol. V. (Edward Walford. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is a work of considerable interest and value. In the hideous wilderness of modern London, with its endless lines of houses—"all hovels," as Mr. Morris says—it is well to be reminded of the more various architecture which sheltered our forefathers, and of the dwellings in which great men of the past had their homes. It seems that in 1820 the Paddington Canal was lined with trees and crowded with barges full of holiday-making citizens. Lord's Cricket Ground in its early days occupied the space where Dorset Square now stands. Matches were advertised to be played for 500*l.* or 1,000*l.* a side, so that, though our streets are uglier, our cricketing morals are purer than they were at the close of the eighteenth century. A member of the M.C.C. no longer bears the slightest resemblance to the versatile Mr. Tony Bumper, a hero of 1756 to whom Mr. Walford introduces us. Mr. Bumper "drank purl in the morning, ate black puddings at Bartholomew Fair, boxed with Buckhurst, and also frequently engaged at the Artillery Ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket." Bats cost only ninepence at Eton in 1688. Even in 1837 Lord's had a rustic look, and a minute roller, which seems to have found its way to the ground by accident, cannot have done very much in the way of securing wickets "like a billiard table."

From Lord's to Whittington's Stone as it was in 1820, and thence to Highgate ponds, Mr. Walford leads us in the best mixed company of traitors, kings, novelists, poets, and sporting people of the past. His book can be read with ease, and instructs in its unambitious fashion.

The Library of English Literature; Illustrations of English Religion (Edited by Henry Morley. Cassell and Co.) is not a book which can be read through in a consecutive way. Mr. Morley begins with "The First English, A.D. 670 to A.D. 1066." Why he calls them the first English we do not precisely know, nor are we absolutely certain that the earlier inhabitants of the island "left imperishable record of a soul of worship that was in them." If Stonehenge was not a religious structure, however, it is hard to say what it was, and perhaps Mr. Morley has a right to assume the fact. Caedmon is the first important writer to whom he devotes much attention, and his extracts are illustrated in a forcible way by engravings from the designs in the MS. of Caedmon. Here is Lucifer falling from heaven, while, in the next compartment, he is tied to the ground and teased by mosquitoes. As an evidence of his degradation he has developed a long and bushy tail. From Caedmon to *In Memoriam* is a far cry, and about four hundred and fifty pages are occupied with extracts, brief biographies, and woodcuts. This is rather a book to consult on occasion than to read steadily through.

Sketches from Nature with Pen and Pencil (Lady Verney. Daldy, Isbister and Co.) have appeared in *Good Words*. Lady Verney says, "Good cooking, as intended to be taught in South Kensington, is no luxury." From some slight experience, we agree with her in the most unqualified way. The papers on the shovel-nosed shark and on the Lighthouse Donkey are well worth reading, and are illustrated with much taste and feeling.

My Boyhood (H. C. Barkley. John Murray). Boys who agree with Rawdon Crawley the younger, that there is no sport more noble than ratting, will find endless joys in Mr. Barkley's book. He is as fond of terriers as Dr. John Brown, and he likes them "very good at rats," if not "uncommon fond of cats," like Old Dog Tray of the vulgar lyric. From fox-hunting to the destruction of wasps, all sports are dear to Mr. Barkley, who describes them all with animation. When he was a boy there never was a moment, he says, when he "could not have eaten half a dozen tarts or a turnip." There is little falling off in youthful prowess in this direction, and the boy who can eat a turnip, and afterwards convert the rind into a lantern, is a healthy and handy young savage, to whom we cordially recommend Mr. Barkley's book.

Grimm's Tales (Selected and Translated especially for use in Schools. G. Bell and Sons) is a modest little volume, infinitely more desirable than all the tedious tales about Tom, who went to school, and was bullied, and got into the Eleven, and was accused of stealing, and was acquitted, and won the Balliol scholarship. The characters of the *märchen* are living people, human among all their wild adventures with talking birds and fishes, giants, ogres, and stepmothers. We all remember, all our lives long, little Briar-rose who is no other than Brynhild, in perhaps an earlier form of the myth; and Rapünzel, whose story—*Lammie turres, pecten solis*—soothed the sleeplessness, says Tertullian, of Carthaginian children. Grimm's tales are always welcome. We wish we could say as much for *Told by the Sea* (F. Frankfort Moore. Marcus Ward and Co.), and the *Snowball Society* (M. Bramston. S.P.C.K.). These works are examples of which scoresrench us at this time of year. They are young novelettes of everyday life, and are grammatical, harmless, and not wanting in observation and cleverness. To eat turnips and dig out wasps, with Mr. Barkley's boys, would be a pleasanter way of passing time than to read little tales which are only the introduction to the eternal novel of later life.

The House of Fiesole (John F. Shaw and Co.) introduces young readers to Savonarola, and may enable them to understand the historical underplot of *Ronola*.

Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., assures his critics that *The Captain's Cabin* (Mullan) is liable to the reproach of having been written without a purpose. There is plenty of action, there are several lords, a valet, a villain, and no end of plot, in Mr. Jenkins's Christmas book. He kindly expresses a wish that "good digestion may wait on appetite"; but the critic who has already partaken of some hundred courses is hardly in a position to taste Mr. Jenkins's fare with much discrimination.

The Beauties of Shakespeare (Dr. Dodd. Bickers and Son) are prettily printed, and illustrated with photographs from pictures in the Boydell Gallery. The photographs do not make one anxious to see more of the Gallery.

My Rambles in the New World (Biar. Translated by Mary de Hauteville. Sampson Low) contains much fresh and agreeable information about America, from the country of the Eskimo to that of the Aztecs. The pages on natural history and American antiquities are agreeable, and the illustrations are spirited and original.

Mrs. Ewing's *A Great Emergency, and other Tales* (G. Bell), are full of her delightful penetrating humour, which does not present us with dull family photographs of good children, but with graceful sketches, informed with character, mirthful and touching. The children who led a happy but tranquil life, but who carefully prepared for "great emergencies," and who felt capable of helping drowned men to recover, of baulking mad bulls, of putting out fires, and so on, are worthy of the fancy of De Quincey's brother. In the effort to rescue a cripple from a burning house, Baby Cecil, the cripple, took offence, and had to be left to his imaginary fate.

It is always hard to get babies to enter into the spirit of the drama; their exaggerated sense of dignity is the bane of the domestic theatre. When Rupert, the eldest adventurer, was cut over on the knee-pan by a cricket-ball, he, too, objected to being treated for a broken leg in the amateur style. On the whole, the experience of this family does not make it seem probable that children who are happy should pine for chances of rescuing their fellow-creatures.

Every Boy's Annual (Routledge) is full of stories, puzzles, directions as to the way of excelling in various pastimes, historical sketches, and other literature valued by lads of thirteen, to whom it will be a welcome present.

The Two Supercargoes (W. H. Kingston. Sampson Low and Co.) is a book of adventure in Africa, written in Mr. Kingston's unfettered style. The illustration, "The King dismisses his Ministers" (p. 271), is a lively picture of constitutional practice among the blacks. The scene with the gorilla (p. 199), when represented in marble and exhibited in the Salon, once caused some talk in Paris.

The Blue Banner (Translated from the French of Léon Cahun. Sampson Low) has already been noticed by us in its original form. Mr. Sandars's translation is sufficiently idiomatic, and the adventures are very moving, and occur in an unfamiliar field.

China (C. E. Eden. Marcus Ward) is a prettily illustrated and most readable account of the Flowery Empire. The information is condensed with an art which prevents it from being dry.

Children's Toys, and What they Teach (Kegan Paul and Co.) is a work of elementary science, which we are unable to criticize; and a natural modesty prevents us from attempting to test the calculations of *The Boy Engineers* (Rev. J. Lukin. Tribner and Co.) Had either of these works been presented to us in early youth we should have said but little, while inwardly conscious of feeling the reverse of grateful and intentions ingeniously destructive.

The Bird World, Described with Pen and Pencil (Rev. W. H. Adams and H. Giacomelli. Nelson and Sons) is a really handsome volume, and the letterpress is light and airy enough for the subject, while the drawings are vigorous and graceful.

Mr. Davies, the author of *Wildcat Tower* (F. Warne and Co.) is one of the most agreeable writers for boys. A love of nature makes great part of his love of sport, and his remarks on Angling are always worthy of attention.

The Snow Fort (S.P.C.K.) is a more healthy and boyish book than most of those which deal with the pastimes of lads. The winter amusements are described with enjoyment and sympathy.

We cannot do more than acknowledge three volumes on St. Paul in Greece, Rome, and Arabia (Rev. G. S. Davies), and Babylonia (G. Smith and Rev. A. H. Sayce. S.P.C.K.); *The Flag Lieutenant* (Whitechurch Sadler. Marcus Ward); *Fair Else* (Author of *On the Edge of the Storm*. F. Warne and Co.); *The Fifth Continent* (C. H. Eden. S.P.C.K.); *The Great Captain* (Ulrich Burke. S.P.C.K.).

We have also received *God's Silver* (Hon. Mrs. Greene. Warne and Co.) *All in a Garden Green* (Eliz. C. Traice. Marcus Ward and Co.) *Saturday's Nairn* (Brenda. J. F. Shaw and Co.) *Martin Noble* (J. G. Watts. F. Warne and Co.) *David's Little Lad* (L. T. Meade. J. F. Shaw and Co.) *Hector Servadac* (Jules Verne. Sampson Low and Co.) *Little Bluebell's Picture-Book* (Routledge and Sons). *Little Curly Pat's Story-Book* (Mrs. Sale Barker. Routledge and Sons). *Rosabella* (Routledge and Sons). *The Two Voyages* (S.P.C.K.). *The Leisure Hour*, 1877. *Pixie's Adventures* (M. D'Anvers. Kegan Paul and Co.) *Adventures in the Air* (from the French of W. de Fontenelle, by J. S. Keltie. Stanford). *Topo* (G. E. Brunelle. Marcus Ward and Co.) *Peter Parley's Annual*, 1878 (Ben George). *The Heroes of Young America* (A. R. Hope. Stanford). *Owen Hartley* (W. H. Kingston. S.P.C.K.). *Six Hundred Robinson Crusoes* (Gilbert Mortimer. Sampson Low and Co.) *The Magic Valley* (E. Keary. Macmillan and Co.) *A Book about Travellers, Past and Present* (Nimmo). *Seven o'Clock* (J. Brockman. F. Warne and Co.) *The Three Magic Wands* (F. Warne and Co.) *Six Little Princesses* (Mrs. E. Prentiss. F. Warne and Co.) *Heroes of North African Discovery* (M. D'Anvers. Marcus Ward and Co.) *Uncle Philip* (Stella Austin. Masters and Co.) *Peep-Show* (Strahan and Co.) *Mother Goose Jingles* (G. Routledge and Sons). *The Girls of Bredon* (Mrs. Stanley Leathes. S.P.C.K.). *Brave Little Heart* (G. Routledge and Sons). *Routledge's Holiday Album for Children* (G. Routledge and Sons). *Woodland Romances* (C. Mateaux. Cassell and Sons). *The Instructive Picture-Book* (Adam White. Stanford). *Elsie in Dreamland* (F. Weatherley. F. Warne and Co.) *Holiday Album for Girls* (Mrs. Sale Barker. G. Routledge and Sons). *Bible Jewels* (Rev. R. Newton. Nimmo). *King Hetel's Daughter* (F. Warne and Co.) *Lapsed but not Lost* (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.) *Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes and Fairy Tales* (G. Routledge and Sons). *Story after Story* (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.) *A Holiday Book* (Richard Rowe. Nimmo). *Our Sailors* (W. H. Kingston. Griffith and Farran). *The Swiss Family Robinson*: a new and full translation (Mrs. H. B. Paull. Warne). *Lily at Her Grandmother's* (Mrs. Sale Barker. Routledge). *Coralie* (C. H. Eden. Marcus Ward and Co.) *A Book of Episodes* (J. W. Chanson. Dean and Son). *The Boys of Willoughby School* (R. Richardson. Nimmo). *Bible Wonders* (Rev. R. Newton. Nimmo). *The Story of a Wooden Horse* (G. Routledge and Sons). *The Young Woman's Book* (Mrs. Valentine. F. Warne and Co.) *Holiday Album for Boys* (Routledge). *Hills from the Fountain of Life* (Rev.

R. Newton. Nimmo). *Little Davy's New Hat* (R. Bloomfield. G. Routledge and Sons). *Hymns for Infant Minds* (Anne Jane Taylor. G. Routledge and Sons). *Harvey Sinclair* (Nimmo). *Sybil Grey* (Mrs. Perring. G. Routledge and Sons). *Talent in Tatters* (H. Wraythe. Griffith and Farran). *The Portrait Birthday Book of Famous Names* (Seeley and Co.) *Paulina's Ambition* (Edis Searle. Seeley and Co.) *Little May's Friends* (A. Whitem. Griffith and Farran). *Three Admirals* (W. H. Kingston. Griffith and Farran). *The Child of the Cavern* (Jules Verne. Sampson Low and Co.) *Punch's Pocket Book* (The Office).

The pretty and useful Pocket-Books and Diaries of Messrs. Marcus Ward must be acknowledged, and also the Diaries of Messrs. Letts, which are full of useful information and blotting paper. The material facilities for rivalling Pepys are now in the hands of every one, and nothing is wanted but the genius for gossip. The playing-cards of Messrs. De la Rue are fitted into neat cases, with rules for the playing of "Napoleon," a fascinating game for five persons or more.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

M. CHARLES YRIARTE'S big volume concerning the borders of the Adriatic (*Les bords de l'Adriatique*. Hachette) is, to tell the truth, somewhat disappointing. There are probably few people with any spark of romance or sentiment in their disposition who are not stirred by the longing of Lord Beaconsfield's hero—perhaps the only ultra-romantic and sensitive hero who is never ridiculous—Contarini Fleming, to see Venice. And as the young Baron Contarini Fleming, before he was able actually to indulge his desire, found solace in the Chevalier de Winter's beautiful sketches, so those to whom the sight of Venice is yet a thing to come are accustomed to console themselves by feeding their imaginations with pictures of what they hope one day to witness. It must be confessed that a good deal of imagination must be brought to bear on the drawings here presented before they can suggest the romance which every one who has not been at Venice associates with its name. They have a certain hardness and thinness which is all but repellent, and for which perhaps the draughtsman is not wholly to be blamed. The Bridge of Sighs, for instance, as it is here shown to us, wears a far less picturesque aspect than can be got any day in the dusk of evening out of the bridge which bears the same name at St. John's, Cambridge. What has been said of the treatment of Venice applies equally to that of Dalmatia, Montenegro, and the other districts gone over by the author. However, in spite of this defect, the volume has an undoubted value as a careful record, carefully, if not altogether successfully, illustrated by a skilled and observant writer.

The facile and attractive draughtsmanship and writing of M. Bertall has produced a volume (*La Vigne*. Plon) which aptly follows the illustrated books produced by him under the title of *La comédie des jours*. *La Vigne* professes to be "a physiological, anecdotal, historical, humorous, and even scientific study"; and this ironically humorous title, which reminds one of Polonius's description of the players' capabilities, is justified by the contents of the volume. M. Bertall has on former occasions given proof of his wonderfully keen eye for the various expressions which the human face assumes in every grade of life and under every variety of circumstance; and a book which treats of wine and its effects offers naturally an excellent field for the exercise of this particular talent. As an instance of this we may point to the singular truth and humour, which has an unavoidably cynical flavour, of the illustrations which depict the ten stages through which it is possible to pass—from *on est bien* to *on est paf*—under the influence of wine. In every one of the more finished full-page illustrations the same keen observation and power of reproducing expressions in a dramatic and unexaggerated manner will be found. In one sheet of his work M. Bertall shows two instances of the strange conceit which, as we learn from D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, was once much in fashion in England, and which consisted in writing verses so formed in their individual lengths as to present when printed the shape of the object glorified by the verse-maker. M. Bertall shows us the outline of a bottle and a glass contrived after this fashion with considerable ingenuity. But his work is by no means confined to such things as this. To borrow a metaphor from his subject, one might say that while he catches the bubbles of the sparkling wine as it foams up in the glass, he also dives into the remotest depths of the cellar and tracks the history of the grape-juice from the day that the fruit is gathered to that when translated into a *délicat oiseau* it is brought up to table. In pages 149 and 150 of his volume, to cite an instance, will be found a classification of the red wines of France which may be read with advantage by all people who affect to have a pretty taste in wine. But those who are at the pains of studying this list will do well to observe a pregnant remark of the author's which follows it:—"On tomberait dans l'erreur la plus complète, si l'on considérait comme dépourvus de qualité des vins qui ne sont pas compris dans la catégorie des grands crus classés. Les vignobles non classés donnent d'excellents vins, quoique moins délicats et moins aristocratiques." One might even go further than this, and assert with safety that a *bourgeois* wine will often turn out better than any of the last half-dozen or so of the fifth growth quoted by M. Bertall.

Mme. Boissonnas's account of the fortunes of a French family during the Franco-Prussian War (*Une famille pendant la guerre*. Hetzel) has the recommendation of an Academy prize, besides the attraction of M. Philippoteaux's drawings, to back it, and will be interesting to everybody who has French sympathies.

M. Jules Verne's *Les Indes-noires* (same publishers) has all the well-known peculiarities of its author's method and style. We may say at once, speaking with what authority may be derived from an almost intolerable knowledge of sensational stories and their ways, that when one has once taken the book up it will be difficult to lay it down again without having arrived, whether by short cuts or honest reading, at its end. The mystery is so artfully concealed that it is far from easy to pluck out its heart until the author chooses to point it out; but it must be also said that his manner of concluding an undoubtedly exciting story displays a marked poverty of invention, or rather, perhaps, a want of the power of giving to his invention a dramatic and imposing air. For the rest Scotchmen may learn from M. Jules Verne that Edinburgh possesses an association called "Royal Institution," the leaders of which dwell in the Canongate, and contribute signed articles to the *Edinburgh Review*: that the Palace of Holyrood stands on just such a height as does the Castle; and that within the last few years a vast coal mine was suddenly inundated by the waters of Loch Katrine, for which an insane and dissembling villain opened a passage, and which were afterwards replaced by public subscription.

Les deux amis (Lucien Biart. Hetzel) is a somewhat maudlin story of the sufferings of a little child who is ill-treated by a step-mother. The happy ending will scarcely make up for the inane misery of the body of the story. The illustrations by M. Boutet have considerable merit. We must, however, once again protest against the practice which seems to be growing of feeding children's minds with morbidly sentimental horrors. The same tendency pervades a certain school of art of the present day which prides itself upon being too fine for general comprehension. Grown people can in such matters take care of themselves; but children are much at the mercy of those who make children's books; and, to our thinking, such stories as *Les deux amis* should be carefully kept out of the nursery and the schoolroom.

Le journal de la jeunesse, 1877 (Hachette), can, on the other hand, be safely recommended as fit and harmless reading for children; and the fact that some of the illustrations are common to this and to an English children's book recently published may be taken as showing that the work offers obvious attractions to those for whom it is designed.

La vie des animaux (E. Lesbarrilles. Hachette), with twenty wood-engravings by M. Joseph Wolf, is a work which will delight all such children—that is to say, most healthy children—as take an interest in brute life. If one had to find a fault with the book, one might say that the writer's love of animals had sometimes led him astray, as has that of certain historians for the subjects of their studies. For instance, the adventurous boy who reads that Buffon's description of the tiger is a gross libel, and that the tiger is practically a very nice person—when you know him—may, if he goes out to India, be exposed to having a rude shock given to the impressions of his early youth. However, it is much to get a simple description of animals and their ways, accompanied by excellent illustrations, from a writer who evidently has a real love for the animal world.

La vie végétale (Hachette) will hardly form a pendant to *La vie des animaux*. Indeed it can scarcely be classed as a Christmas book in the ordinary sense, inasmuch as, despite its picturesque text and drawings, it is of too learned a cast to attract seekers after Christmas literature. We may, however, take this opportunity for pointing it out to all people interested in the spread of botanical knowledge.

Les vieilles villes d'Italie (A. Robida. Dreyfous) cannot be very highly praised. The text is not of a very striking kind, as may be judged from the opening sentence of the chapter on Venice:—"O Venise, reine de l'Adriatique, fille de la mer et du soleil! O rêve, féerie, éblouissement!" There is a certain very rough cleverness in the drawings; but one can hardly forgive such a blunder as that which, in the view of the Rio del Palazzo, makes the gondolier as tall as a whole story of the overlooking houses.

M. Assollant's *Montluic le rouge* (Hachette), with sixty-nine wood-engravings by "Sahib," is one of the author's well-known tales of travel and adventure, which takes the reader into some exciting Canadian scenes.

La poudre à canon (same publishers) is an interesting study of the explosive forces which the march of civilization has devised. From the same firm we have *Le glaçon du Pôle*, *Les fêtes célèbres*, and, to return to another kind of work, *Un enfant gâté*, the illustrations to which have a pleasingly old-fashioned humour, which may be specially noticed in "Il se montra absolument insupportable" (p. 79), where the spoilt child is behaving like a fiend in a railway carriage.

Voyage autour de l'Afrique (Dreyfous) is an interesting book of travels. *Chloris et Jeanneton* (Mme. Colomb. Hachette) is a pretty story of a girl who is taken out of her natural sphere. The same publishers issue the second volume of M. Guizot's *Histoire d'Angleterre*, with numerous wood engravings.

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